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✓
A NEW METRICAL

PSALTER,

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1831,
NOW REVISED AND REPUBLISHED.

✓✓ BY
W. J. TROWER, D.D.

BISHOP,

RECTOR OF ASHINGTON, AND SUB-DEAN OF EXETER.



Oxford and London:
JAMES PARKER AND CO.

1875.



TO THE RIGHT REVEREND
CHRISTOPHER, LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

This Metrical Psalter

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF THE GRATITUDE DUE TO

HIS LORDSHIP

ON THE PART OF THE CHURCH,

AND ESPECIALLY ON THE PART OF THE CLERGY,

FOR HIS COMMENTARY ON THE

WORD OF GOD.



ADVERTISEMENT.

1874.

IN explanation of my reprinting a Metrical Psalter which attracted little attention when published in 1831, I have only to say, that the occupation in early life of arranging it, and in my old age of revising it, was in each case singularly pleasant; and that I have wished to leave it less disfigured by blemishes than when it was too hastily (though anonymously) published more than forty years ago.

ASHINGTON RECTORY,

Festival of S. Matthew, 1874.

ADVERTISEMENT.

1831.

THE Author is desirous of explaining briefly his design and endeavour in the little work now submitted to the public.

He has wished, not only to express faithfully the sense of the sacred writers of the book of Psalms, but to express it as much as possible in the language we are so familiar with in the Bible and Common Prayer-book versions. For the sense, (not being himself a Hebrew scholar,) he has chiefly followed Bishop Horne's interpretation; for the language, he has only to say, that he has occasionally allowed himself in considerable harshness of metre, rather than give up the words and the cadences to which long use has attached him; and with which, in his own mind, and doubtless in the minds of others, so many happy and holy associations are connected.

That his little work may be in some degree useful to the Church, (whether in itself, or in exciting others to attempt more successfully what is confessedly much wanted,) is the Author's sincere prayer.

The Psalter,
OR
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I.

BLESS'D, who away from counsels good
Hath never turn'd his feet ;
Nor in the way of sinners stood,
Nor shar'd the scorner's seat !

But in the Law of GOD hath been
His business and delight ;
And He hath exercis'd therein
Himself by day and night.

Like some fair tree beside a brook,
With fruit in season blest ;
His leaf shall still be green, and look !
In all he hath the best ^a.

^a George Herbert.

But with the wicked 'tis not so,
For like the chaff are they,—
Which the wind tosses to and fro,
And scatters far away.

They shall not in the Judgment stand,
Nor at the last dread Day
Be number'd with the joyful band
Of such as love GOD's way.

The LORD with ever-watchful care
His people's way doth know ;
But they, to choose their own who dare,
Shall end in wrath and woe !

PSALM II.

WHY do the heathen rage,
The people counsel a vain thing ?
War with the LORD they blindly wage,
And His anointed King.

In vain designs allied,
Their kings and rulers counsel take :
“ Their cords,” they say, “ we'll cast aside,
Their bonds asunder break ! ”

He Who in heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh to scorn their words of pride ;
And—howsoe'er their hosts rebel—
Their purposes deride !

“ My King in triumph yet,
(Thus speaketh He in anger sore,)
On Zion's holy hill I've set,
To reign for evermore.”

“ My Son below'd art Thou,
To-day I have begotten Thee ! ”
Thus spake the LORD to Me,—and now
I preach the sure decree.

Desire the earth of Me !
Thee shall its utmost parts obey ;
The isles Thine heritage shall be,
The heathen own Thy sway !

Them for Thy portion take,
To bruise them with an iron rod,
And like a potter's vessel break
The foes of Thee and GOD.

Now, O ye kings, give ear !
Ye earthly rulers, wisdom learn !
Serve ye the LORD with holy fear,
To Him with rev'rence turn.

Kiss, ere too late, the Son ;
If but a little in His breast
Wrath kindle, know yourselves undone :
Who trust in Him are blest.

PSALM III.

LORD, how new foes against me throng,
How many watch to do me wrong !
In scorn they daily boast around,
“No help for him in God is found !”
But Thou my head shalt raise, in Thee
Glory and strength and help I see.

GOD heard me when to Him I cried,
And from His holy hill replied ;
Safely I laid me down and slept,
Safely arose,—from danger kept ;
I will not fear ten thousand foes,
Who round about me fiercely close.

Up, LORD, and help me, O my God !
My foes Thou smitest with Thy rod ;
Their teeth Thou breakest by Thy might,
And sinners in the face dost smite ;
Salvation is of Thee alone,
Thy blessing is upon Thine own !

PSALM IV.

GOD of my righteousness ! give heed,
Me Thou hast oft from trouble freed ;
My prayer for mercy hear, O LORD,
Thy wanted help to me afford.

How long, ye sons of men, how long
Practise ye thus deceit and wrong ?
How long at vainest objects aim,
And turn my glory into shame ?

Know this, the LORD doth set apart,
E'en for Himself, the true in heart ;
To Him are all His servants dear,
Me, when I worship, He will hear.

Stand thou in awe ! put sin away,
With thy heart commune, day by day ;
Search the first springs of thought and will
E'en in thy chamber, and be still.

Offer to GOD the sacrifice
Which He esteemeth of great price,—
A spirit innocent and just,
And in His mercy put thy trust.

“Can good be found?” Men murmur thus ;
LORD, make Thy face to shine on us ;
By Thee my heart hath gladness found,
More than when corn and wine abound.

I lay me down to take my rest
In peace, with Thy protection blest ;
Thou canst my soul in safety keep,
Yea, Thou canst guard me while I sleep.

PSALM V.

PONDER my words, O LORD, and heed
My meditation, while I plead ;
Hearken to me my GOD and King,
For unto Thee my wants I bring.

To Thee my prayer betimes shall rise,
Early to Thee be turn'd mine eyes ;
For Thou no wickedness canst brook,
But must with wrath on folly look.

The foolish ne'er Thy sight abide,
Thou hatest those whose work is pride ;
The false, and they for blood who thirst,
By Thy just judgment are accurs'd.

But I will seek Thy dwelling-place,
E'en on th' abundance of Thy grace ;
And to'ards Thy temple, ever dear,
Will worship in Thy holy fear.

Lead me, O LORD, in righteousness,
For many foes around me press ;
Make Thy way plain before my face,
Nor let them compass my disgrace.

For faithless are their word and smile,
Their inward parts are very guile ;
Their throat is like an open grave,
And flattery was the hope they gave.

Destroy them in their sinful ways,
Take them in their self-chosen maze ;
Rebels against Thee, be they brought
To shame by what their hands have wrought.

And joyous be Thy faithful few,
For succour rend'ring praises due ;
They still with joy shall find Thee near,
Who hold Thy Name and statutes dear.

For Thou wilt give Thy blessing still
To such as love Thy holy will ;
And in Thy loving-kindness bound,
As with a shield shalt wrap them round.

PSALM VI.

REBUKE me not in indignation, LORD,
Not in displeasure draw Thy chast'ning sword ;
Pity my weakness, and Thy hand forbear,
Heal me,—my bones are vex'd,—a sinner spare.

Vex'd is my soul ! but Thou, O LORD, how long ?
Turn, for Thy mercy's sake, forgive my wrong !
For who in death Thy praises can declare ?
Who from the grave prefer the humble prayer ?

My groaning, LORD, my feeble body wears,
All night my couch is water'd by my tears ;
My very eye consumes, because of woe,—
It waxeth old through many a threat'ning foe.

Away, ye workers of deceit ; the LORD
Hath heard my weeping, heard when I implor'd ;
He grants my prayer, confounds each sinner's aim,
Turn'd back, and suddenly held up to shame.

PSALM VII.

LORD, I have trusted in Thy power,
Set me from stern oppressors free ;
Lest like a lion they devour
My soul, while I no help can see.

Lord, if such deeds my hands have soil'd,
If e'er I've dealt a treach'rous blow
To friends, the while in peace they smil'd,
[Yea, I have sav'd my causeless foe.]

Then hither be th' avenger led,
To execute the sentence just ;
Down on the earth my life to tread,
And lay mine honour in the dust !

But LORD lift up Thyself, awake,
Against my foes in anger stand !
Thy servant's part in judgment take,
The judgment which Thou didst command.

So crowds around Thy judgment-seat
Eager shall flock, the doom to learn
Of those who there have sentence meet,
Ere Thou, the Judge, on high return.

There, when the LORD thus cometh down,
The Judge of all, the world to try ;
He shall my righteousness make known,
And clear my wrong'd integrity !

O let an end arrive for sin,
But guide Thy servants with Thine eye ;
Searching the very heart within,
Thou dost its thoughts and motives try.

GOD shall my righteous cause sustain,
All upright hearts find Him their stay ;
He, the just Judge, shall Truth maintain,
And curb the wicked day by day.

Will they not turn? God whets His sword,
Plac'd are His arrows, bent His bow,
Ready are all His weapons stor'd,
To lay the persecutors low.

Behold ! he travail'd with deceit,
Mischief conceiv'd, and falsehood bare ;
But the pit, sunk for others' feet,
He did but for himself prepare.

His work shall on himself come down,
On his own head his mischief fall ;
While I GOD's righteous dealings own,
And on His Name with praises call.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our Lord ! how excellent
Is Thy great Name, on earth made known ;
Thou, that above the firmament
Hast set the glories of Thy throne.

Out of the mouth of sucklings Thou
Hast strength ordain'd, to quell Thy foes ;
Th' avenger to the dust to bow,
And silence all who Thee oppose.

When yonder heavens outspread I see,—
The fabric which Thy fingers wrought :
The moon and stars, ordain'd by Thee,
O'erpower'd I stand in wond'ring thought.

LORD, what is man, to claim such care
From Thee, enthron'd all height above ?
The Son of Man, that he should share
The visitations of Thy love ?

Lower than angels was he made,
Yet crown'd with more majestic sway ;
All things Thou hast beneath him laid,
Oxen and sheep, yea, beasts of prey ;

Fowls of the open firmament,
Fishes, with all that cleaves the sea ;
O LORD, our Lord, how excellent
Thy Name ! all creatures worship Thee !

PSALM IX.

WITH my whole heart the LORD I'll praise ;
LORD, I will tell Thy wondrous ways ;
And, glad in Thee, with songs proclaim,
O Thou Most Highest, Thy great Name !

When backward my oppressors fly
Before Thee, lo ! they fall and die :
Thou hast maintain'd my cause with might,
Enthron'd Thou sittest, judging right !

As for the enemy, his home
A ruin'd heap is now become ;
He and his cities all o'erthrown,—
Nor e'en their very memory known.

But Thou shalt ever, LORD, endure,
Set is Thy throne for judgment sure ;
With truth Thy people Thou shalt bless,
And judge the world in righteousness.

A refuge Thou for all opprest,
In troublous times a Place of rest :
They trust Thee who Thy truth have known,
For Thou hast never fail'd Thine own.

Praise GOD, who doth at Zion dwell,
His doings to the people tell ;
When He enquires for blood, the meek
He calls to mind, and what they seek.

See how the proud Thy servant hate,
Thou who dost raise us from death's gate !
Salem shall with Thy praises ring,
Of Thy salvation when I sing.

The wicked find the pit they made,
Caught in the net themselves had laid
By His own work is God declar'd,
By their own work His foes are snar'd.

Turn'd into hell shall sinners be,
And all who ne'er remember Thee !
But Thou wilt ne'er forget the poor,
Nor shall meek trust in vain endure.

LORD, give not man the upper hand ;
Condemn'd let all the wicked stand ;
Put them in fear that they may know
Themselves but men and heirs of woe !

PSALM X.

WHY standest Thou so far away,
Hiding Thyself in sorrow's day?
Caught be they, LORD, by their own guile,
Who for their lust the poor despoil.

Vaunting his shame, he praiseth, LORD,
The covetous, by Thee abhorr'd ;
Too proud is he for Thee to care,
Or give Thee of his thoughts a share.

Thy judgments far above him rise,
Therefore doth he his foes despise :
"Cast down," saith he, "I ne'er shall be,
No harm shall happen unto me."

Cursing and pride his mouth defile,
Under his tongue are craft and guile ;
Lurking he haunts all thievish ways,
And in his dens the guiltless slays !

His eyes against the poor are set,
For them he lays the secret net ;
And like a lion in his lair
He lurks, the helpless to ensnare.

If once within his nets decoy'd,
The poor are ravish'd and destroy'd !
He croucheth low to make his prey
All whom his captains can waylay.

“Tush,” saith he, “hath not GOD forgot ?
His face is hid, He seeth not !”
Arise, O LORD, lift up Thine hand,
Cease Thou not by the poor to stand.

Why should the wicked slander Thee,
While their heart saith, “GOD doth not see ?”
Surely Thou seest,—suff’ring long,
But yet beholding every wrong.

Yea, Thou wilt take into Thine hands
Each cause that judgment due demands ;
The poor to Thee their right commend,
Who to the friendless art a friend !

Break Thou the tyrant’s power ; restrain
His wickedness, till none remain ;
When in all lands the heathen cease,
And GOD shall reign in endless peace.

So shalt Thou curb th’ oppressor’s might,
And help the orphans to their right ;
While over them, with reckless hand,
Men of the earth no more shall stand.

PSALM XI.

IN GOD I trust ; then wherefore bid me flee,
Like a scar'd bird escaping to the hill ?
Lo ! with bent bow, and arrows aim'd at me
The wicked lurk, the true in heart to kill.

Lo ! while the earth's foundations all are stirr'd,
"What can the righteous do ?" the fearful cry !
Still in His holy temple is the LORD,
Still is His throne unchangeable on high !

Still are the poor beneath His watchful eye,
His eyelids ever on men's doings look ;
And while His servants He will prove and try,
Those who love violence He cannot brook.

Storm, tempest, fire and brimstone, as of old,
He for their cup will on the wicked rain ;
The righteous LORD will righteousness uphold,
His countenance the upright will sustain.

PSALM XII.

HELP, LORD, no godly men remain,
The faithful here no more have part ;
Each to his neighbour speaks in vain,
With flatt'ring lips and double heart.

GOD shall all flatt'ring lips cut off,
And punish every swelling word ;
“ Our lips are ours,” ’tis thus they scoff,
“ Our tongue shall rule, we know no Lord.”

Now for the needy's bitter sighs,
And for the comfortless opprest :
Now will I, saith the LORD, arise,
From cruel foes to give them rest.

Pure are GOD's words, as silver tried
In fire, from earthly dross made pure ;
Yea, silver, seven times purified,—
His promise is for ever sure.

Thou shalt, O LORD, preserve Thine own,
And them from this world's children hide ;
When vilest men possess the throne,
The wicked walk on every side.

PSALM XIII.

FOR ever, LORD, wilt Thou depart,
Thy face from us for ever hide ;
While I seek counsel, vex'd at heart,
And foes stand over me in pride ?

Hear me, and lighten Thou mine eyes,
Lest they in death's dark sleep should close ;
Lest scoffers cry, " O'erthrown he lies,"
My downfall gladdening all my foes.

My hope is on Thy mercy cast,
With joy on grace I will rely ;
Loving have been Thy dealings past,
And I will praise Thy Name, Most High.

PSALM XIV.

THE fool hath in his heart the word,
" There is no God !"—he owns to none ;
Corrupt are they—for sins abhorr'd,—
None doeth justly, no, not one !

God from His throne the world survey'd,—
Would any turn and evil shun ?
But all in hateful counsels stray'd,—
None would do justly, no, not one !

Have they no knowledge Whom to dread,
That vileness thus they act and speak ?
My people thus devour as bread,
And GOD their Maker never seek.

How soon were they to terror brought,
For God is near His chosen race ;
The poor man's hope they folly thought,
Who makes the LORD his dwelling-place.

O that in Israel's hour of need
Salvation might from Zion spring ;
When GOD His captives back shall lead,
Jacob shall laugh and Israel sing.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who shall in Thy courts abide,
Who on Thy holy hill have part ?
He, in his life whom Thou dost guide,
Who the truth speaketh from his heart.

He sland'reth not a neighbour's name,
Upright in deed, sincere in word ;
Still lowly in his own esteem,
He loveth those who fear the LORD.

If to his neighbour he should swear,
None would he by his oath beguile ;
Though to his hurt the promise were ;
And he contemneth all the vile.

On usury he never lent
His money, nor receiv'd at all
Reward against the innocent,—
Who doth these things, shall never fall.

PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE me, O my God,
In Thee I trust for aid ;
Unto the LORD, " My Lord Thou art,"
Thou, O my soul, hast said.

The gifts which here I bring,
To Thee are nothing worth ;
But they are offer'd for Thy saints,
The excellent on earth.

All my delight, O LORD,
Is in the pure and meek ;
But grief to them shall be increas'd,
Another GOD who seek.

No part will I with them
In their drink-off'rings take ;
Nor mention of their names defil'd
Will I Thy Servant make.

The heritage and store
That doth my life sustain,
The portion of my cup art Thou,
Thou wilt my lot maintain.

In pleasant places, LORD,
The lines for me are cast ;
A goodly heritage is mine,
Which will for ever last.

I bless the LORD, to me
Who counsel doth impart ;
My reins instruct me, while by night
I commune with my heart.

Before the LORD I've walk'd,
And been by Him reprov'd ;
Because He is on my right hand,
Therefore I am not mov'd.

Therefore my heart was glad,
With heavenly comfort blest ;
My glory also hath rejoic'd,
My flesh in hope shall rest.

In hell Thou wilt not leave
My soul, apart to be ;
Nor wilt Thou let Thy holy One
In death corruption see.

I tread the path of life,
Full joy with Thee is found ;
And pleasures, LORD, at Thy right hand
For evermore abound.

PSALM XVII.

LORD, hear the right, my mourning heed,
My prayers from lips unfeignèd rise ;
Let judgment from Thy throne proceed,
On what is equal fix Thine eyes.

Thou hast by night search'd out and tried
My heart, but there no sin shalt see ;
Stedfast in purpose I abide,
To keep my mouth from evil free.

Men's works and the destroyer's way
I still have shunn'd,—Thy Word my guide ;
Hold up my goings, day by day,
Lest from Thy paths my footsteps slide.

I pray, for Thou shalt answer prayer,
Hear, and to me Thy mercy shew ;
Thou savest all who trust Thy care,
By Thy right hand, from every foe.

Me as the apple of the eye

Keep,—may Thy wings my shelter be
From fierce oppressors who draw nigh,
The deadly foes who close on me.

Swollen in carnal ease and pride,

Their scorn in bitter words they vent ;
They bar our steps on every side,
Their eyes in craft are downward bent.

Like lions, greedy after prey,

And lurking in their secret den ;
Up, LORD, their hosts o'erthrow and slay,
Save Thou my soul from lawless men.

By Thy right hand and mighty sword

From this world's children me defend,
Who have on earth their poor reward,
And in this life obtain their end.

Thou lettest them their bellies fill

With treasure which they here receive ;
Children are granted at their will,
Their substance to their babes they leave.

But, LORD, my choice I fully make,

In righteousness Thy face to see :
When in Thine image I awake,
I shall be satisfied in Thee.

PSALM XVIII.

THEE will I love, O LORD ! my light ;
The LORD my Saviour is, my might !
The GOD in whom I can confide,
The Refuge, where I may abide,—
My Shield, my Castle, my Defence,
The Horn of my deliverance !

Worthy of praise ! I call on Thee,
So shall I safe from peril be !
Sorrow and death were pressing near,
And sin's o'erflowings made me fear ;
About me came the pains of hell,
The snares of death upon me fell !

But in my trouble Thee I sought,
And my complaint to GOD I brought ;
My call He from His Temple heard,
His Ear receiv'd each humble word ;
Then the firm earth with tremblings shook,
The hills were mov'd at His rebuke.

A smoke out of His nostrils came,
And from His lips consuming flame ;
That coals were kindled ! Down He bow'd
The heavens, beneath Him was thick cloud :
On cherubim He rode on high,
And on the wind's wide wings did fly.

Darkness He made His awful shrine,
Dark waters hid His throne divine ;
Yea, darkest clouds His face did veil,
Scatter'd in coals of fire and hail ;
The clouds before His brightness pass'd,
And flame burst forth, His foes to blast.

He spake in thunder from on high,
His fire and hailstones cleft the sky ;
His lightnings went, as arrows, forth,
Then the foundations of the earth,
[Each hidden spring, each sea's deep path,—]
Lay open, at His breath of wrath.

He sent, (for all my need He knew,)
And me from the great waters drew ;
From mighty foes He set me free,
By hatred made too strong for me !
They had forestall'd me in their day,
But GOD the LORD was still my stay.

He brought me forth, and by His grace
Made for my goings ample place ;
The LORD did thus my truth requite,
And hands unsullied in His sight ;
For still I've kept His holy way,
Nor wander'd wickedly astray.

To me His judgments have been near,
Nor have I put aside His fear ;
I've walk'd with Him in counsels good,
And still temptation have withstood :
Therefore doth He my truth requite,
And hands, unsullied in His sight.

Mercy the merciful shall find,
Right shall attend the righteous mind ;
Pure, Thou wilt meet the pure in heart,
But to the froward, froward art !
Thou wilt all haughty looks abase,
But to the lowly givest grace.

My darkness Thou shalt put to flight,
Yea, Thou shalt, LORD, my candle light ;
Though hosts oppose, I pass them all,
And, by Thy help o'erleap the wall !
Pure is Thy way, Thy word is tried,
Our shield, if we in Thee confide.

Who but our LORD is GOD of all,
Whom else their rock can suff'ers call ?
'Tis GOD doth gird me to the fight,
'Tis GOD doth make my goings right ;
He maketh like the harts' my feet,
And sets me in the highest seat.

He trains my hands with foes to deal,
Mine arms shall break a bow of steel ;
Still shielded by His pow'r to save,
To me His love new greatness gave :
Room for me made, and strength supplied,
So that my footsteps should not slide.

My foes I chas'd, nor turn'd again,
Till, overtaken, they were slain !
Crush'd, they no more my pow'r defy,
Lo ! now beneath my feet they lie ;
For Thou didst gird me to the fight,
And I o'ercame them in Thy might.

Their necks Thou gavest me to break,
That vengeance might their deeds o'ertake ;
Them, at their cry, none came to save,
God to their prayer no answer gave ;
Their bodies, small as dust I beat,
Cast forth as clay upon the street !

Lord ! thou hast quell'd their strivings vain,
And o'er the heathen made me reign :
A people whom I have not known
Shall hear, and fall before my throne ;
The strangers shall before me fail,
And in their closest places quail.

The LORD doth live, my rock and might,
And bless'd be my salvation's light !
'Tis GOD that doth avenge his king,
And under me the heathen bring ;
My lifter-up and sure defence
Against all men of violence.

Therefore will I with praise proclaim,
Among the heathen, LORD ! Thy name,
Who biddest great deliv'rance spring,
For David Thine anointed king ;
Fav'ring Thy servant as before,
Yea, and his seed for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

LORD ! the heavens declare Thy glory,
Seen throughout their wondrous frame ;
And the firmament the story
Of Thy doings doth proclaim !
Day to day the wonder telleth,
Night to night doth utter speech ;
Through all lands the anthem swelleth,
Earth's last bounds the voices reach.

There a shrine of gold and amber
Is appointed for the sun,
Like a bridegroom from his chamber,
Coming forth his course to run !
He rejoiceth in his going,
As a giant in his might ;
Compassing the heav'ns, bestowing
Upon all his warmth and light.

LORD ! Thy law, the soul converting,
Is a doctrine undefil'd ;
Constant is Thy truth, imparting
Wisdom to a simple child.
Joy is on the heart obeying
Words of peace and pure commands ;
Light unto the eyes conveying,
LORD ! Thy law for ever stands.

Clean the fear by Thee inspir'd,
Altogether just Thy doom ;
More than gold to be desir'd,
Sweeter than the honeycomb !
Me to good Thy warning stirreth,
Fearing Thee, reward I win ;
Who can tell how oft he erreth,
Cleanse Thou me from secret sin.

Give not pride dominion o'er me,
LORD ! the great offence prevent ;
So shalt Thou be set before me,
From presumption innocent :
Let my bosom's meditation,
Let my words, inspir'd by Thee,
LORD ! my strength and my salvation,
In Thy sight accepted be.

PSALM XX.

THE LORD hear thee in trouble's day,
The name of Isra'l's GOD defend thee ;
From Zion light and strength display,
Help from the sanctuary send thee !
Regard thy sacrifice for sin,
Accept the gifts by thee presented ;
Grant thee thy heart's desire to win,
And be thy thoughts by grace prevented.

We triumph, LORD ! in Thy great name,
Rejoicing in Thy free salvation ;
The LORD regard Messiah's claim,
The LORD fulfil thy meditation.

Now know I that the GOD of grace,
Help on His own anointed sendeth ;
Heareth him from His dwelling place,
And him with His right arm defendeth.

In chariots some and horses rest
Their safety, when the foe assaileth ;
The Name we call on when oppress'd,
Is His who ne'er His people faileth !
We prosper,—But with shame they fall,—
We stand, but they are backwards driven ;—
Save, Lord ! and hear us when we call,
Hear us, O LORD ! Thou King of Heaven.

PSALM XXI.

THE King shall in Thy strength rejoice,
And triumph, LORD, in Thy salvation,
Thou hast fulfill'd His bosom's choice,
Nor hast denied His supplication ;
Thou shalt prevent Him with Thy grace,
And grant His prayer, His days extending ;
A golden crown upon Him place,
With life, for ages never ending.
Great is His glory in Thy grace,
Worship and praise to Him are given,
Gladden'd for ever by Thy face,
And crown'd with endless bliss in heaven :
For on Thy grace the King relies,
And through Thy help He never faileth,
His hand finds out His enemies,
His right hand over all prevaieth.

Them as a furnace in Thine hour,
LORD ! Thou shalt make, though long for-
bearing ;
Them shall th' un pitying flame devour,
Wrath shall consume them all, unsparing ;
Their fruit on earth shall have an end,
Their seed shall perish from the nations ;
Evil 'gainst Thee they did intend,
Conceiving vain imaginations.

Such thoughts they ne'er to deeds shall bring,
For Thou shalt turn them back, pursuing,
When Thy swift arrows on the string,
Thou hast prepar'd for their undoing !
Be Thou exalted o'er all height,
LORD ! in Thine own eternal dwelling :
So will we sing and praise Thy might,
Of Thy salvation gladly telling.

PSALM XXII.

MY GOD, MY GOD ! I cry to Thee,
Why hast Thou thus forsaken Me ?
All day I cry, Thou dost not heed ;
Taking no rest, all night I plead ;
Thou, ever holy ! still dost dwell
In the high hymns of Israel !

Our Fathers trusted, LORD, in Thee,
They hop'd, and Thou didst set them free ;
They sought Thee, and deliv'rance came,
They trusted, and were sav'd from shame !
A worm—no man—I vainly call,
A scorn of men, cast out of all.

All they that see Me, mockery make,
With scornful lips the head they shake ;
“He trusted in the LORD,” they say,
For succour in the stormy day ;
Let the Lord save Him in His need,
If He will own His cause indeed.

But from the womb, by Thy decree
LORD ! I was brought the light to see ;
By Thee I was in safety kept,
When on My mother's breast I slept ;
Left from the womb was I to Thee,—
Thine, LORD, since I began to be.

Leave Me not now, when sore afraid !
Trouble is near, and none to aid ;
Lo ! bulls of Bashan close Me round,
On every side they beat the ground ;
Me they with gaping mouths survey,
Like lions ravening after prey.

I am pour'd out like floods of rain,
My bones disjointed thrill with pain ;
My heart, dissolv'd within My frame,
Is like wax melted by the flame :
My strength is like a potsherd dried,
Parch'd, to My jaws My tongue is tied.

Scarcely I draw My fleeting breath,
Brought low into the dust of death ;
Unnumber'd dogs have clos'd Me in :
Yea, an assembly leagu'd in sin,
My Hands and Feet they pierce ; each bone
Now I can number, one by one.

With gaping mouths and staring eye
They stand to view My misery ;
They part My garments as their own,
And lots are for My vesture thrown ;
Go not Thou far from Me away,
Haste Thee, O LORD ! to be My stay.

Help from the sword to save Me send,
My darling from the dog defend :
Lo ! from the lion's mouth I cry,
For Thou canst save Me, Thou, most high !
Yea, Thou hast heard Me 'midst the horns
E'en of the deadly unicorns.

Thy name unto My brethren, LORD !
I will declare, by Thee restor'd ;
My voice amidst the saints will raise,
Who fear the LORD, proclaim His praise !
Ye, Jacob's seed, His doings tell,
Praise Him, ye house of Israel !

Ne'er will He the oppress'd despise,
Nor from the needy turn His eyes ;
Soon as we call'd, He heard our prayer,
And made our sad estate His care ;
Before the saints, My soul, O LORD,
Shall pay her vows, by Thee restor'd.

The poor shall have an endless store,
His saints from praise shall cease no more ;
Earth's farthest ends Thy claims shall see,
And, seeking grace, be turned to Thee.
Before Thy throne, great Lord of all,
Nations with all their tribes shall fall.

Thine is the kingdom, Thine the throne,
Among the heathen, LORD, alone ;
All that are fat on earth shall eat,
And worship at Thy mercy-seat !
Thee all that sleep in dust shall praise,
Pow'rless from death themselves to raise.

A seed shall serve Him, heirs of grace,
Counted as GOD's peculiar race ;
Forth shall they come, and shall make known
Thy righteousness, and Thine alone ;
So tidings of salvation wrought,
To unknown nations shall be brought.

PSALM XXIII.

MY Shepherd is the LORD,
Therefore no want I know ;
Me in green pastures He doth feed,
And by the hand doth gently lead
Where the still waters flow.

He doth convert my soul,
And for His great Name's sake
Me with His guidance He doth bless,
And the strait paths of righteousness
Inclineth me to take.

Yea though I pass the vale
With death's dark shade o'ercast,
With Thee at hand, I fear no ill,
Thy rod and staff shall comfort still,
And save me to the last.

Here in the dreary wild,
In presence of my foes,
Thou dost for me a table spread,
With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup of love o'erflows.

Thy goodness and Thy grace
How can I duly tell?
Me have they follow'd all my days,
And in Thy house with joy and praise
I shall for ever dwell.

PSALM XXIII.

(Another Version.)

MY Shepherd is the LORD of love,
I shall not want, with Him above ;
Me in green pastures He shall feed,
And by the stillest waters lead ;
Convert my soul, and, lest I stray,
For His Name's sake direct my way.

Yea though I pass the valley dread,
With death's dark shadows overspread,

I will not fear, for Thou art nigh,
Thy rod and staff shall strength supply ;
Before my very foes Thy care
For me a table shall prepare.

With oil Thou dost anoint my head,
My cup o'erflows, with blessings fed ;
O surely all my earthly days,
Goodness and mercy mark my ways ;
And welcom'd hence, life's journey o'er,
LORD, I shall never leave Thee more.

PSALM XXIV.

THE earth and all its fulness is the LORD's,
The world's great round, and all whom it contains ;
He founded it of old upon the floods,
And on the seas its compass He sustains.

LORD, who within Thy courts his rest shall find ?
Who to Thy holy dwelling-place ascend ?
Clean hands, and a pure heart and lowly mind,—
Whoso hath these, in heav'n shall find his end.

Who to vain idols ne'er his prayer address'd,
And ne'er hath sworn his neighbour to deceive ;
He, by the GOD of his salvation bless'd,
Shall the great gift of righteousness receive.

This is, O Jacob's God, the chosen race
Of such as to Thy holy courts shall come ;
Even of those who humbly seek Thy face,
And so at last shall share Thy heav'nly home.

Ye everlasting gates ! your heads upraise,
Yea, be ye lifted up at our behest ;
The King of Glory, lo ! midst hymns of praise,
Now shall come in to His eternal rest.

Who is the King of Glory, at whose name
Ye bid the everlasting gates unclose ?
The Mighty LORD !—His triumph we proclaim,
Mighty in battle, Conqu'ror of His foes !

Your heads, ye everlasting gates, upraise,
Yea, be ye lifted up at our behest ;
The King of Glory, lo ! midst hymns of praise,
Now shall come in, to His eternal rest.

Who is this King of Glory, whose high claim
These courts to enter, thus ye bid us own ?
The LORD of Hosts with humblest hearts we name
Of Glory King, for ever and alone.

PSALM XXV.

To Thee will I lift up my soul,
In Thee I trust to make me whole,
Save me, O LORD, from shame.
Let not my foes o'er me prevail,
Nor trusting hearts of succour fail,
Shame them who scorn Thy name.

Shew me Thy paths, direct my will,
Teach me Thy truth, its rules instil,
Thou canst my soul uphold.
All day, O LORD, I wait on Thee,
O call to mind Thy mercies free,
And kindnesses of old.

My sins of youth remember not,
Be my transgressions all forgot,
But of my grief take heed ;
For Thy love's sake O guide me right,
Good is the LORD, and His delight
Is sinners home to lead.

Them that are gentle shall He guide,
And such in meekness as abide,

Them shall He learn His way.
His paths are truth and mercy all
To such as never from Him fall,
But His commands obey.

Thou, LORD, on Whom my soul doth wait,
Forgive my sin for it is great,—

What man doth fear the LORD?
Him (seeking guidance) GOD shall lead,
His soul shall dwell at ease, his seed
Inherit earth restor'd.

The secret of the LORD is known
To those who fear Him ; they alone
His covenant shall see.
On Him mine eyes are ever set,
My feet He plucketh from the net,
Have mercy, LORD, on me.

Turn to me, LORD, I mourn apart,
Troubles enlarg'd oppress my heart,
O do Thou set me free ;
Forgive my sins, and when my foes
In gather'd numbers round me close,
Their cruel hatred see.

O keep my soul, nor let me be
Confounded, for I wait on Thee,

No other help I know.
Let faithfulness my safeguard prove,
And far from Israel remove,
O LORD, each threat'ning woe.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, for I have walk'd, O LORD,
In innocence, nor turn'd aside ;
My trust hath been in Thy sure Word,
Therefore my feet shall never slide.

My ways examine Thou and prove,
Try out my reins and search my heart ;
For still before me is Thy love,
Nor will I from Thy truth depart.

Ne'er with vain persons have I sate,
Nor fellowship with sinners borne ;
Their congregations, LORD, I hate,
Nor sit with those Thy laws who scorn.

I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And hold upon Thine altar lay ;
Gladly give thanks for Thy defence,
And publish all Thy wondrous way.

Still I have lov'd Thy chosen Home,
Thy glory's seat, with love unfeign'd ;
Let not my soul receive their doom,
Whose hands with blood and gifts are stain'd.

Those hands, the righteous prompt to slay,
The fruits of guile and rapine fill ;
But as for me, (whate'er their way,)
I'll walk in innocency still.

Deliver me in bondage bound,
Thy servant pity, LORD, and raise ;
Lo ! my foot standeth on sure ground,
Thee in th' assemblies I will praise.

PSALM XXVII.

GOD my salvation is, my Light,
Whom shall I fear with Him to aid ?
In GOD I live, He is my might,
Of whom then shall I be afraid ?

When foes to eat my flesh drew near,
Stumbling they fell and lick'd the dust ;
Strong though their camp, I will not fear,
Fierce though the fight, in Thee I trust.

One thing I've sought and still desire,
Within GOD's house to spend my days ;
Still in His temple to inquire,
His beauty see, and hear His praise.

Me will He shield when woes betide,
In the pavilion of His throne ;
Me in His tabernacle hide,
And set me on a rock of stone.

O'er foes that now beset my way,
My head will He in triumph raise ;
Glad off'rings therefore will I pay
Within His house, and speak His praise.

Have mercy, LORD, I cry for grace,
Hear when I bend in worship meek ;
Hath the LORD said, " Seek ye My Face ?"
My heart replies, " Thy Face I seek."

Hide not Thy Face, be wrath forgot,
Bid me not, Lord, from Thee depart ;
Oft hast Thou help'd me, leave me not,
O Thou who my salvation art.

Father and mother may forsake,
But then the LORD will me sustain ;
O teach me now Thy will, and make
Midst many foes my pathway plain.

Save me from all mine enemies,
Nor let them have their will on me ;
False witnesses against me rise,
And such as breathe out cruelty.

Surely unless on that blest shore
Where happy spirits live with Thee,
Thy goodness, LORD, for evermore,
I had believ'd indeed to see,

My strength had utterly been spent :
Wait on the LORD, my soul, nor fear ;—
Thee shall He comfort ; be content
Awhile to wait His leisure here.

PSALM XXVIII.

O GOD my strength, scorn not my prayer,
Lest if my plea Thou should'st disown,
I sink in sorrow and despair,
Like those who to the pit go down.

O let my prayer have answer meet,
To Thee when my petitions rise ;
When to'ards Thy holy mercy-seat
I raise my hands and turn mine eyes.

With sinners draw me not away,
Nor let me, LORD, their portion share,
Who with fair words their friends betray,
But mischief in their hearts prepare.

For all the deeds their hands have wrought,
Be Thy just Word on them fulfill'd ;
Thy works and ways they've set at nought,
Them do Thou smite and not up-build.

Prais'd be the LORD my strength and shield,
My prayer is heard, my trust repaid ;
Danceth for joy my spirit heal'd,
And songs of praise shall own His aid.

Our wholesome strength in all distress,
To Thine anointed ever nigh ;
Thine heritage now save and bless,
Feed them, and set them up on high.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE to the LORD, give homage true,
Ye mighty ! 'Tis His claim ;
Give to the LORD the honour due,
Unto His holy name !
With holy beauty meekly fall
Before the LORD, the GOD of all.

'Tis GOD doth bid the storm awake,
And bid the waters sleep,
Glorious, He doth the thunders make,
The LORD doth rule the deep ;
Almighty is His voice on high,
His voice is full of majesty.

His voice the cedar-trees doth break,
And Lebanon up torn
Doth make to skip, yea, Sirion make,
Like calf or unicorn ;
His voice the flames of fire doth guide,
His voice the lightnings doth divide.

His voice doth shake the wilderness,—
At Kadesh, shake the earth ;
Bared is each forest's deep recess,
Their young the hinds bring forth !
All people in His courts proclaim
The glory of His holy name.

The LORD, the water-flood above,
Enthron'd all creatures o'er,
The LORD, in realms of light and love,
Is King for evermore ;
The LORD shall Israel's strength increase,
The LORD shall give His people peace.

PSALM XXX.

THEE will I magnify, O LORD,
Who me hast succour'd and restor'd :
Nor in the conflict made me yield,
I pray'd, and Thou my soul hast heal'd.

Thou hast brought up my life from hell,
That in the pit I should not dwell :
The LORD, ye saints, with praises bless,
And think upon His holiness !

His wrath is in a moment past,
But life doth in His favour last ;
Sorrow may through the night be drawn,
But joy shall with the morning dawn.

With blessings all around in store,
I said, I shall be mov'd no more ;
My hill so strong hath goodness made,
Of nothing need I be afraid.

Thou, LORD, Thy face didst only hide,
And trouble came and check'd my pride ;
Then mercy I again implor'd,
And gat me humbly to the LORD.

What profit from my blood can rise,
When in the pit my body lies ;
Shall dust Thy praise and truth declare?—
LORD, be my helper ! Hear and spare.

Still near in sorrow, Thy relief
To joyfulness has turn'd my grief ;
And putting off my sackcloth, Thou
Girdest me, LORD, with gladness now.

Therefore to Thee, with ceaseless praise,
Glad hymns shall every good man raise ;
And I will Thee, my GOD, adore,
And give Thee thanks for evermore.

PSALM XXXI.

O LORD, I put my trust in Thee,
Let not confusion fall on me ;
O save me in Thy righteousness :
Bow down Thine ear to me, make speed,
Be my strong rock in time of need ;
My castle be, in all distress.

Thou GOD of truth, my strength and guide,
O lead me, lest I turn aside,

Burst Thou the toils in which I'm caught ;
For Thy name's sake, Thy succour send,
For I into Thy hands commend
My spirit, LORD, which Thou hast bought.

Those who of lying idols hold,
My soul hath hated, e'en of old,
But on Thy grace doth ever lean ;
Gladly will I Thy mercy praise,
For Thou hast mark'd my mournful days,
And hast my soul in trouble seen.

Thou hast not let my cruel foes
With threat'ning hands around me close,
But for my feet Thou madest room :
Have mercy now, for troubles press,
Dimm'd is mine eye, and sore distress
Both soul and body doth consume.

My life is waxen old with tears,
Sorrow doth waste away my years,
Spent is my strength, my bones decay ;
Scar'd are my friends, my neighbours scoff,
And they who notice me far off,
With taunts and mockery flee away.

Like a dead man, or broken sherd
My friends regard me ; for I've heard
The slanders which my foes invent :
Terror is near on every side,
Fierce foes, against me all allied,
To take away my life are bent.

But still my hope is in Thy Name,
My GOD, unchangeably The Same ;
My times are always in Thy hand :
Foil what against me they design,
Let Thy face, LORD, upon me shine,
And forth for me in mercy stand.

Let not confusion on me fall,
On Thee I've never ceas'd to call ;
Confusion on my foes alight ;
Let them be silent in the dust,
The lying lips, which mock the just
With cruel scorn and bitter spite.

O how abundant is the love,—
Thy goodness, LORD,—prepar'd above
For such as Thee with rev'rence fear ;
The blessings such as ear ne'er heard,
Laid up for those who trust Thy word,
And, before men, confess Thee here.

Them shalt Thou, LORD, (a holy race)
In Thy pavilion's secret place,
 Shield from the scoffs of human pride ;
From strife of tongues, the fretting pain
Of this world's provocations vain,
 Them in Thy presence Thou shalt hide.

Thanks be to GOD, Whose wondrous grace,
Shewn in my need, a refuge-place,
 Like a strong city, did provide :
In haste I said, in trouble's day,
"Out of Thy sight I'm cast away ;"
 But the LORD heard me when I cried.

O love the LORD, Who to the end,
Ye saints, the faithful will defend,
 But as is due, the proud reward ;
Be strong in following His will ;
He will your hearts establish still,
 All ye, whose hope is in the Lord.

PSALM XXXII.

BLEST, who, his trespasses forgot,
 Hath found, O LORD, Thy mercy free ;
To whom Thou guilt imputest not,
 Nor guile dost in his spirit see.

All day, till I my sin had shewn,
My bones consum'd with bitter thought ;
Me, day and night, Thy hand weigh'd down,
My moisture was like summer's drought.

But I confess my guilt, nor hide
My wickedness my heart within ;
"I will acknowledge all," I cried,
So Thou forgavest all my sin.

For this the meek shall pray to Thee,
LORD, when Thou mayest yet be found ;
Surely shall they in safety be,
Though floods of waters gather round.

Me, LORD, Thou in Thyself shalt hide,
And keep me safe from evil days,
And compass me on every side
With songs of rescue and of praise.

Thee (saith the LORD) I will endue
With wisdom, and to thee supply
O'er the dark wild direction true,—
Yea, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

Be ye not like to horse and mule,
Which, void of reason's guiding light,
Need bit and bridle for their rule,
To tame their else unmanag'd might.

Great plagues are for the wicked stor'd,
But grace the saints shall compass round ;
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD,
All ye, whose heart is with Him sound.

PSALM XXXIII.

YE righteous, in the LORD rejoice,
His praise the just becometh well ;
Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice,
With ten-string'd lute your triumph swell.

Sing a new song unto the LORD,
Play skilfully with pealing sound ;
For right and faithful is His word,
And all His works with truth abound.

Truth doth the LORD and justice love,
And fill with goodness all the earth ;
His word did frame the heav'ns above,
His breath unto their hosts gave birth !

Together did He bring the seas
Into one place, as on an heap ;
And in their mighty store-houses,
Laid up the treasures of the deep.

Let the earth fear the LORD alone,
In awe of Him all people stand ;
For the LORD spake, and it was done,
And all stood fast at His command.

GOD doth o'erthrow what man has plann'd,
The heathen's counsels making nought ;
His counsels shall for ever stand,
From age to age His secret thought !

Blest is the nation—surely blest,
Who for their GOD the LORD have known ;
Blest is that people, o'er the rest,
Whom He hath chosen for His own.

The LORD from heav'n doth man behold,
The earth regarding from on high,
The LORD men's hearts alike doth mould,
And all their works and counsels try.

No king by hosts can conquests gain,
Strength cannot save the man of might ;
The war-horse is for safety vain,
Nor can deliver in the fight.

Lo ! the LORD's eye the meek doth guide,
And such as on His hope rely ;
From death secure their soul to hide,
And food in famine to supply.

For Him we wait, our shield and stay,
Our souls in Him shall joyful be ;
Our hold upon His name we lay ;
Have mercy, LORD, we hope in Thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

At all times I will bless the LORD,
His praise shall still my lips employ ;
My soul shall boast, by Him restor'd,
The meek shall hear thereof with joy.

O magnify the LORD with me,
Together let us praise His Name ;
I sought the LORD, He set me free,
Yea, free from all my fears of shame !

They look'd on Him, and light receiv'd,
Their faces were asham'd no more ;
This poor man cried, the LORD reliev'd,
And sav'd him from the ills he bore.

His Angel shields the holy race,
Tarrying around them, all unseen ;
O taste and see how rich His grace,
How blest upon His help who lean.

O fear the LORD, His people, fear !

Who fear the LORD, no good shall need ;
Young lions lack and hunger bear,
But the LORD'S saints His care will feed.

Come near, ye children, truth receive ;

Learn ye the fear of GOD of me :
What man is he, who fain would live,
And many days and good would see ?

Put from thy tongue the thing untrue,

And keep thy lips from guile apart ;
Evil forsake, and good pursue,
Seek peace, yea, seek it from thy heart.

The righteous may full sadly weep,

But GOD from grief will set him free ;
Yea, all his bones the LORD doth keep,
Not one of them shall broken be.

Perish shall all who scorn His will,

Yea, perish all who goodness hate ;
The LORD our soul redeemeth still,
Trust Him, and ne'er be desolate.

PSALM XXXV.

PLEAD, LORD, against my foes my right ;
Fight against those, 'gainst me who fight ;
On buckler and on shield lay hand,
And forth, to be my succour, stand.

Bring forth the spear and stop their way,
Who me would persecute and slay ;
Say to my soul, untroubled be,
Lo, thy salvation is in Me.

Surely shall shame upon them wait,
Who seek my soul with bitter hate ;
Be they, who've mischief to me wrought,
Turn'd back and to confusion brought.

Chaff let them be before the wind,
God's Angel, as the blast, behind ;
All dark and slippery be their way,
God's Angel bringing up dismay.

For privily their net they laid,
And unprovok'd, a pit they made ;
But in the pit for me prepar'd,
Lo ! they are now themselves ensnar'd.

Yea, they are caught in their own net,
Snar'd in the toils for others set ;
But in the LORD rejoice, my soul,
Thy Saviour, Who hath made thee whole.

My bones say, Who is like to Thee,
LORD, from the strong the weak to free !
Yea, free the needy and the weak,
From such as spoil and rapine seek.

False witnesses against me stood,
Evil rewarding me for good,
Charg'd me with things I never knew,
My soul to weaken and subdue.

But as for me, I sackcloth wore,
When they were sick, and joy forebore,
Humbling myself, with fasts I mourn'd ;
To my own breast my pray'r return'd.

Yea, so myself I did demean,
As though it had a brother been ;
All day in heaviness I went,
As one a mother would lament.

But they did triumph in my shame,
And in my grief together came ;
Smiters with ceaseless stripes did tear
My flesh, nor would their victim spare.

They who for jests at feasts are found,
Against me gnash'd their teeth around ;
Wilt thou look on, O LORD ! how long ?
Nor rise to rescue me from wrong.

My soul redeem Thou from the grave,
My darling from the lion save ;
So, thankfully, my voice I'll raise,
And in the assembly speak Thy praise.

Let not the foes who me disdain
A wrongful triumph o'er me gain ;
Nor wink, exulting, with their eyes,
Who unprovok'd against me rise.

They seek not peace, but lies invent,
To wrong the peaceful fiercely bent ;
Opening their mouths against me wide,
"Aha ! our eyes have seen," they cried.

This Thou hast seen :—O LORD ; awake,
Hold not Thy tongue, nor me forsake ;
Awake, and in my quarrel stand,
Avenge my cause with Thy right hand.

In righteousness my cause maintain,
Nor let such foes their triumph gain ;
Let them not say, " 'Twas this we sought,
There, there ! His ruin we have wrought."

Make all who glory in my woe,
Shame and confusion undergo ;
Cloth'd with dishonour let them be,
Themselves who magnify o'er me.

But those my righteous part who take,
Do Thou defend and joyful make ;
“ Praise, (let them say,) O LORD ! to Thee
Who lov'st Thy people's peace to see.”

As for my tongue, my GOD ! Thy Name
With praises it shall still proclaim ;
And all day long, with songs confess,
Thy glory and Thy righteousness.

PSALM XXXVI.

SIN's voice, within the scorner's heart,
Saith, let the fear of GOD depart ;
Flatt'ring himself in his own sight,
Till his vile deeds are brought to light.

False are his words,—the holy way
He leaves, and sets himself astray ;
Forms on his bed dark schemes of guile,
Abhorring nothing that is vile.

Thy mercy, LORD, as Heav'n is high,
Thy truth, too, reacheth to the sky ;
Like the strong hills Thy sure decree,
Thy counsel like th' unfathom'd sea.

Thou dost for man and beast provide,
How precious are Thy mercies tried ;
The shadow of Thy wings shall be
The shelter, LORD, to which we flee.

Within Thy courts with purest bread
Thy saints shall plenteously be fed,
Their thirst as from a river slake,
And freely of Thy pleasures take.

The well of life is, LORD, with Thee,
And light in Thy light shall we see ;
Still be Thy truth and mercy shewn
To upright hearts which Thee have known.

LORD ! guard me from the foot of pride,
From lawless hands Thy servant hide ;
Lo ! where they fall, who sin devise,
Cast down, and powerless to rise.

PSALM XXXVII.

FRET not, when sinners thrive, thy heart,
Nor envy thou th' ill-doer's part ;
For soon like grass cut down, they fade,
And wither like the tender blade.

Trust in the LORD ! Be doing good,
And lack nor dwelling-place nor food ;
Delight thou in His holy will,
He will thy heart's desire fulfil.

Commit thy way to Him, and He
Will bring to pass the best for thee ;
Thy truth shall as the light appear,
Thy judgment as the noontide clear.

Be silent to the LORD and wait ^b ;
Be patient, though in low estate !
Nor let thy heart mistrustful grieve,
When sinners brief success achieve.

From anger cease, put wrath apart,
Fret not, lest sin assail thy heart ;
Sinners shall soon up-rooted fall,
And the meek saints inherit all.

^b See marginal reading.

God's foes thou soon no more shalt see,
Their very place shall cease to be ;
Then shall His saints the earth possess,
And endless peace the faithful bless.

Gnashing their teeth upon the meek,
Their foes against them counsel seek ;
The LORD shall scorn them from on high,
For lo ! their day is drawing nigh.

They draw the sword, they bend the bow,
To bring the poor and needy low ;
Their sword shall enter their own heart,
Their broken bow aside shall start.

Better the good man's humble fare,
Than all the wealth which sinners share ;
For God the proud man's arms will break,
But ne'er the righteous will forsake.

GOD hath His people's days forecast,
And their inheritance shall last ;
They need not quail, whate'er betide,
GOD will their food in dearth provide.

Then shall His foes GOD's vengeance taste,
E'en as the fat of lambs doth waste,
Laid on Thine altar, LORD,—so they
Soon into smoke shall waste away.

The wicked soon their guile betray,
Oft borrowing, they ne'er repay ;
While merciful the just are found,
And scatter blessings all around.

They whom the LORD my GOD shall bless,
These only shall the earth possess ;
While those on whom His curse shall fall,
Shall surely be up-rooted all !

The good man's ways are order'd right,
And yield an ever-fresh delight ;
E'en if he fall, he has a stay,
And shall not quite be cast away.

Old am I now and young have been,
Yet ne'er have I the righteous seen
By GOD forsaken, nor his seed,
Begging abroad the bread they need.

The righteous to the needy lend,
And to the poor man's cry attend ;
So has their seed, in every age,
GOD's blessing for its heritage.

The evil that you did, give o'er,
Do good, and dwell for evermore ;
For the great God, the Lord of might,
Loveth each effort to do right.

The LORD is just to save His own,—
They stand, when sinners are o'erthrown ;
The earth their heritage shall be,
They shall possess it endlessly.

The just man's lips of wisdom tell,
Judgment upon his tongue doth dwell ;
The Law of GOD is in his heart,
Nor from it shall his steps depart.

The wicked watch the just and meek,
To slay them they occasion seek ;
But GOD from them His saint will hide,
Nor will condemn him, when he's tried.

Hope in the LORD, and keep His way,
He shall promote thee in His day
To reign on earth : when sinners flee,
Thou shalt thyself their downfall see.

The wicked I in power have seen,
And prospering, like a bay-tree green ;
They pass'd away, but left no trace,
I look'd, but void was all their place.

Mark thou the perfect man, and see,
How surely peace his end will be ;
But death is sin's unfailing fruit,
And GOD will all His foes uproot.

Know the salvation of the just
Is of the LORD, in Whom they trust ;
He, in the dark and stormy day,
Is still their bulwark and their stay.

Yea, He will by the faithful stand,
And save them from the oppressor's hand ;
And rescue from ungodly foes
All who on Him their hope repose.

PSALM XXXVIII.

REBUKE me not in anger, LORD,
Nor draw in wrath Thy chast'ning sword ;
Thine arrows in my heart remain,
No more can I Thy hand sustain.

Through wrath, my flesh no soundness knows,
Through sin, my bones have no repose ;
Over my head my sins have flow'd,
Nor can I bear their heavy load.

My bruises, LORD, are all unclean,
Through the foul sin which Thou hast seen ;
Bent and bow'd down, I pine away,
Yea, I go mourning all the day.

With loathsome sores my loins abound,
And in my flesh is nothing sound ;
Feeble am I, and broken sore,
From anguish of my heart I roar.

Thou, LORD ! my heart's desire dost see,
My groaning is not hid from Thee ;
Panteth my heart, mine eyes grow dim,
Strength faileth me in every limb.

Friends stand aloof or hurry by,
Kinsmen and neighbours draw not nigh ;
My foes, too, snares against me lay,
Deceits contriving all the day.

But, as if deaf, I nought would hear,
And as if dumb, did speech forbear ;
Silent, as though they were unheard,
I gave not back one bitter word.

For, O my GOD ! I hope in Thee,
And Thou shalt answer, LORD, for me ;
Lest o'er me they should stand in pride,
Triumphant, when my footsteps slide.

Can one who halteth, meet the fight,
With sorrow ever full in sight ?
But I will own my guilt to Thee,
And for my sin will sorry be.

Yet my foes live, with strength elate,
And seek my soul with bitter hate ;
All that with evil good requite,
Oppose me, who pursue the right.

But do Thou ne'er my soul forsake,
Nor far from me Thy comfort take :
Haste Thee to help, in time of need,
My Saviour and my GOD, make speed.

PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I'll to my ways take heed,
Lest I offend in word or deed ;
My tongue as with a bridle rein,
While sinners in my sight remain.

E'en from good words my peace I held,
Mute, though my heart within me swell'd ;
Forth, while I thus was musing, brake
The fire long smouldering, then I spake.

The days, O LORD, which I shall reach—
My end on earth,—Thy servant teach ;
That I may all my frailness know,—
How brief at best my life below.

Behold, my days are as a span,
Nought is to Thee the age of man ;
If he his best estate attain,
Yet is he altogether vain.

In a vain shew man walketh here,
Troubled in vain by hope and fear ;
Still adding riches to the heap,
Nor knowing who the stores will reap.

And now, LORD, whither shall I flee,
Truly my hope is set on Thee ;
Sin's heavy burden from me take,
Nor me the scorn of sinners make.

Dumb was I and my lips did seal,
For Thou the heavy stroke didst deal ;
Yet, LORD, Thy plague remove away,
For I beneath Thy hand decay.

When Thou for sin dost man chastise,
His boasted beauty wastes and dies ;
Like cloth on which the moth has prey'd,
So vain are we, so soon we fade.

My prayer consider with Thine ears,
And keep not silence at my tears ;
With Thee, as all my fathers were,
Pilgrim am I and stranger here.

Yet for awhile Thy servant spare,
That I to meet Thee may prepare ;
My strength to me awhile restore,
Ere summon'd hence, and seen no more.

PSALM XL.

I WAITED meekly for the LORD,
He heard, when I His help implor'd ?
Me from the dreadful pit He took,
Nor in the miry clay forsook ;
Upon a rock He made me stand,
And led and rul'd me with His hand.

A new song from my lips He drew,
Thanksgiving for His succour true ;
Many shall see, and fear, and turn,
And in the LORD to trust shall learn ;
Blest who so trust, nor e'er respect
The proud and such as truth reject.

Great are the wonders wrought by Thee,
For Israel, which around we see ;
Thy thoughts which on our welfare dwell,
Who can, O LORD, in order tell :
When I would all their sum express,
Soon do I find them numberless.

Thou seek'st not sacrifice at all,
Op'ning mine ears to hear Thy call ;
Sin offerings Thou hast not requir'd,
Then lo ! as saith the book inspir'd,
I come, to do Thy will content,
To do it, LORD, my heart is bent.

In the assemblies I declare,
Thy truth (Thou knowest), nor forbear ;
Thy praises I have not suppress'd,
But have Thy saving grace confess'd ;
The mercies, in Thy word reveal'd,
From the great throng were ne'er conceal'd.

From me no longer, LORD, withhold
Thy loving mercies, known of old ;
O let Thy truth and goodness free
In my great need deliver me ;
For without number are the woes,
Which all around upon me close.

My sins such hold upon me claim,
That, bent before Thee, LORD, in shame,
I look not upward as I pray ;
Yea, more in number, LORD, are they,
E'en than the hairs upon my head ;
And from my heart its strength is fled.

Be pleas'd to help me in my need,
To save me, O my GOD! make speed.
Shame and confusion on them wait
Who seek my soul with bitter hate :—
Turn'd backward, and to shame be brought,
All who my ruin would have wrought.

Let shame their scorn of me repay,
“Fie on thee, fie on thee,” who say ;
But let the humble and the meek,
All who salvation love to seek,
For ever, LORD, rejoice in Thee,
And ever taste Thy mercies free.

Still let them say, (with strength supplied,)
The LORD our GOD be magnified ;
Needy am I and poor indeed,
But GOD doth yet my sorrows heed :
Thou my salvation art, my stay ;
Make Thou, my GOD, no long delay.

PSALM XLI.

BLEST, who regardeth such as need,
Him GOD will succour when distress'd ;
Keep him alive, his goings heed,
That he may on the earth be blest.

O'er him no foe shall power obtain,
Nor will the LORD His saint forsake
When stretch'd upon the bed of pain ;
But will his bed in sickness make.

Spare me, (I said,) my soul restore,
For I have sinn'd, and own my shame ;
"When shall he die? (they ask), nor more
Be heard on earth his hated name."

And if to see me they are sent,
From sland'rous words they ne'er forbear
And what their guileful hearts invent,
Soon as they leave me, they declare.

Yea, e'en mine own familiar friend,—
With whom my bread I lov'd to share,
Trusting the faith he did pretend,—
Hath for my downfall laid the snare.

But raise me, LORD, and mercy shew,
That I their dealings may repay ;
Thou favourèst me still I know,
Or I should quickly be their prey.

Me in the truth Thou dost defend,
That I before Thy face may dwell ;
Blessed, for ages without end,
Be the LORD GOD of Israel.

PSALM XLII.

LIKE as the hart the water-brook
Doth in his need desire,
So, LORD, to Thee athirst I look,
Thee doth my soul require ;
My GOD, the living GOD, for Thee
I long,—to find Thee near :
O when shall I Thy presence see,
Before Thee when appear ?

Tears, LORD, by day have been my meat,
Nor cease at night to flow.
“Where is thy GOD?” they still repeat,
And mock me in my woe.
When, LORD, I think upon their scorn,
From human friends apart,
Past joys upon my mind are borne,
And I pour out my heart.

For to Thy courts in happier days,
Thankful I took my way,
Amidst the throng, with joy and praise,
Keeping some holy day :
Why art thou thus cast down, my soul ?
Hope thou in GOD for grace ;
The clouds that o’er thee darkly roll
Shall fly before His face.

Though troubles, LORD, my spirit try,
Thee I remember still,
Here, where on Jordan's banks I lie,
Or rest on Hermon's hill ;
Deep unto deep doth loudly call,
The rushing waters roar ;
Me have Thy waves and billows all
Resistlessly gone o'er.

Yet shalt Thou cheer me, LORD, by day,
Thy songs at night I'll pour ;
GOD of my life, to Thee I'll pray,
In sorrow's darkest hour.
To GOD, my rock, I still will say,
Why dost Thou me forget ;
Why go I mourning all the day,
For foes against me set ?

I feel their tauntings like a sword,
That doth my bones divide,
While asking, "Where is now the Lord ?"
My sorrow they deride.
Why restless, why, my soul, distress'd ?
Hope thou in GOD for grace ;
Yet shalt thou say, "His Name be bless'd
Who lighteth up my face."

PSALM XLIH.

JUDGE me, O LORD ! Maintain my cause,
'Gainst those who scorn Thy holy laws ;
Defend me, Thou in whom I trust,
From the deceitful and unjust.

Thou art my GOD, my only stay,
Why hast Thou cast me quite away ;
Why go I ever in distress,
While mine enemies oppress ?

Thy light and truth unto me send,
That they may guide me to the end :
Still lead me to Thy holy hill,
And to Thy tabernacle still.

Then at Thine altar I will fall,
O GOD, my joy exceeding all ;
And on the harp, with sacred glee,
O GOD, my GOD, will sing to thee.

Why art thou troubled, O my soul,
And restless thoughts within thee roll ?
Still hope, and praise His pow'r divine ;
Soon will He make thy face to shine.

PSALM XLIV.

WE with our ears, O GOD, have heard,
Our fathers oft have told,
What Thy right hand and mighty word
Have done in days of old !

How Thou the foe didst dispossess,
And broughtest in Thine own ;
How Thou the nations didst distress,
Till they were quite o'erthrown.

They gat not by their sword the land,
Nor them their arm did save ;
But the LORD's light, and arm, and hand,
Who favour to them gave.

Thou art my King, O GOD ! Awake !
To Jacob strength proclaim :
Through Thee our foes we will o'ertake,
And crush them in Thy name.

I seek not safety from my bow,
Nor in my sword I trust ;
But Thou shalt save me from the foe,
And lay him in the dust.

Thy name we praise from day to day,
In GOD for ever boast ;
But now Thou puttest us away,
Nor goest with our host.

Thou humblest us beneath their pow'r,
To all our foes a prey ;
Like sheep, Thy people they devour,
In heathen lands astray.

Thou sellest us, O LORD, for nought,
Our price is nothing worth ;
To shame with all our neighbours brought,—
A scorn to all the earth.

A heathen by-word is our name,
At us they shake the head ;
Daily upon our face is shame,
Confusion o'er us shed.

But though Thy servants they revile,
And for our downfall call ;
Yet we forget not Thee the while,
Nor from Thy cov'nant fall.

Our heart hath not turn'd back in scorn,
Nor wander'd from Thy way ;
Not though by dragons we were torn,
And in death's shadow lay.

Should we, forgetful of Thy Name,
Our hands to idols raise ;
Would not GOD soon search out our
shame ?

His eye the heart surveys.

All day we suffer for Thy sake,
They count us sheep to slay ;
O LORD, why sleepest Thou ? Awake !
Nor cast us quite away.

O wherefore hidest Thou Thy face,
Nor openest Thine eyes
Upon our sorrow and disgrace ?
O LORD our GOD, arise !

Our soul unto the dust doth cleave,
Our belly to the ground ;
Thy servants now arise and save ;
LORD, let Thy grace abound.

PSALM XLV.

My heart inditeth a good thing,
I tell glad tidings of the King,
As with a ready writer's pen.
Grace on Thy sacred lips doth rest,
Therefore art Thou for ever blest,
O fairer than the sons of men !

Gird Thee Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
With glory cloth'd, and majesty,
O mightiest ! And in triumph ride
For truth, for righteousness and peace :
And Thy right hand, ere conflicts cease,
Shall by things terrible be tried.

Sharp are Thine arrows in the heart
Of those who from Thy fear depart ;
So Thee the heathen shall obey.
Thy throne, O GOD, shall ever stand :
The royal sceptre in Thy hand
An ensign is of rightful sway.

Truth hast Thou lov'd and hated guile,
Therefore hath GOD His gladd'ning oil
On Thee above Thy fellows shed.
Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia smell
Thy garments ; and where Thou dost dwell,
Through ivory domes is fragrance spread.

Thy glorious train kings' daughters swell'd,
And there, at Thy right hand beheld,
The queen, in Ophir's gold, did stand.
Hearken, O daughter, and be wise ;
Give ear, nor turn thy ling'ring eyes
Back on thy home, thy father's land.

So shall the King in thee delight,
And thou be precious in His sight ;
 He is thy LORD ! Him first adore !
Gifts shall the Tyrian virgin bring,
Yea, and thy favour with the King
 The gentile princes shall implore.

Glorious within from heav'nly light,
Of woven gold her raiment bright,
 The King's fair daughter they shall bring,
In curious vestments richly wrought ;
Her maidens with her shall be brought,
 With joy and gladness, to the King.

Into His palace she is led,
There, surely, in thy fathers' stead,
 Shall children unto thee be rais'd,
Princes in every land to reign :
Thy name, recorded in my strain,
 Through endless ages shall be prais'd.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and our stay,
A present help in trouble's day,
 Therefore we will not fear ;

Though the earth move, the rocks be rent,
And headlong to the sea be sent,
And wild its waves appear.

There is a stream whose waters still
With joy the holy city fill,
Where GOD hath set His throne.
GOD is amidst her, she shall stand,
GOD shall uplift her with His hand,
Right early help His own.

The heathen rag'd, the earth did shake,
The Highest in His anger spake :
The earth did melt away !
In fearless trust may we abide,
The LORD of hosts is on our side,
And Jacob's GOD our stay.

Come, see His works on earth display'd,
What desolation He hath made ;
He maketh wars to cease :
The shiver'd spear, the broken bow,
The chariot burnt, His presence show,
Signs of His reign of peace.

Be still, and know that I am GOD,
The farthest isles shall feel My rod,
And Me the earth obey ;

We may in fearless trust abide,
The LORD of hosts is on our side,
And Jacob's GOD our stay.

PSALM XLVII.

O CLAP your hands, on earth who dwell,
To GOD with voice triumphant sing :
The LORD most high is terrible,
He over all the earth is King.

To me the people He subdues,
For me the nations hath remov'd :
An heritage for me shall choose,
The crown of Jacob, whom He lov'd.

God hath ascended with a shout,
And with the trumpet's sound our King ;
His praises loudly tell ye out,
Sing praises, praises to Him sing.

GOD over all the earth hath sway,
His Name with understanding own :
The farthest heathen Him obey,
He sitteth on His holy throne.

The heathen kings together throng,
Abraham's GOD they worship now ;
The shields of earth to Him belong,
Before Him shall all nations bow.

PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT, and by all to be ador'd,
With highest praise, is Isra'l's GOD ;
E'en in the city of the LORD,
The holy hill of His abode.

The joy and crown of all the earth,
Mount Zion hath a goodly site ;
Upon the borders of the north,
The Great King's city and delight.

GOD in her palaces is known,
A refuge sure in trouble's day ;
The kings were gather'd, but, o'erthrown,
Together, lo ! they pass'd away.

They saw and marvell'd at His might,
With troubled haste they turn'd again ;
O'ercome with anguish and affright,
As of a woman in her pain.

With an east wind, Thou, LORD, dost break
The ships of Tarshish in their pride :
So, when Thou shalt in pow'r awake,
Soon shall Thy foes be scatter'd wide.

The mighty works of which we heard,
We in Thy city now have seen ;
The city of the living LORD,
Founded for ever hath it been.

Amidst Thy holy temple, LORD,
We for Thy loving-kindness wait ;
We gather patience from Thy word,
And on each promise meditate.

Where'er Thy Name is known abroad,
The earth Thy praises doth confess ;
And Thy right hand is full, O LORD,
Of equity and righteousness.

Let the Mount Zion now rejoice,
And glad let Judah's daughters be ;
And praise Thee with exulting voice,
When they Thy righteous judgments see.

Walk Zion round, her castles tell,
Unto her palaces give heed ;
Her towers and bulwarks mark ye well,
That ye may teach your coming seed.

This GOD shall be for evermore
The GOD in Whom we will confide ;
This GOD alone we will adore,
He unto death shall be our guide.

PSALM XLIX.

My words, ye people, ponder well,
All ye upon the earth who dwell ;
Both rich and poor, both high and low,
With one accord my doctrine know :
My lips shall wisdom's rules impart,
The ponder'd counsels of my heart ;
To parables mine ear I bend,
And with the harp my words commend.

Though evil at my heels be near,
Its adder-teeth why need I fear ?
They in their riches who confide,
And in o'erflowing wealth have pride,
Can ne'er to GOD a ransom give,
So that one brother's soul may live.
More than their substance is the cost
Of saving souls in bondage lost ;
No soul can they from death set free,
That it should not corruption see.

For not the foolish only die,
The wise are not by death pass'd by ;
In turn the summons they receive,
And all their wealth to others leave :
Fondly they thought their goods were sure,
And houses ever to endure ;
From age to age their homes to stand,
And by their names they call'd the land ;
Yet man in honour hath no stay,
But like the beasts shall pass away :
Such is the folly of their ways,
And yet their seed their sayings praise.

Within the grave they lie like sheep,
Death feeds upon them, while they sleep ;
And o'er them, when the Morn shall break,
The just shall with dominion wake ;
While all their beauty shall consume,
(Out of their dwelling) in the tomb.
But from the bondage of the grave
GOD will my soul redeem and save ;
In hell will ne'er His servant leave,
But to Himself will me receive.

Fear not, though one be wealthy made,
And glory on his house be laid,—
No wealth the dying can attend,
No glories with him can descend ;

Yet while he liv'd, himself he bless'd,
Counting the treasures he possess'd,
And good of thee will all men tell,
While to thyself thou doest well :
He to his fathers shall be laid,
Nor see the light, in Death's dark grave.
Man that in honour swells with pride,
And turns from Wisdom's ways aside,
As if no reas'ning pow'rs he shar'd,
With beasts that perish is compar'd.

PSALM L.

THE LORD the whole wide world doth call,
The mighty GOD hath summon'd all,
E'en from the rising of the sun,
To where at eve his course is done ;
And out of Zion's holy shrine,
Perfect in beauty He doth shine.

Our GOD shall come, nor silence hold,
Before Him wasting flames are roll'd ;
Around are mighty tempests stirr'd,
The highest heav'ns His voice have heard ;
And He shall bid the earth give ear,
When He in judgment shall appear.

Gather (He saith) unto My throne,
My saints together, e'en Mine own,
Those who've with Me a cov'nant made
By victims on Mine altar laid ;
The heav'ns His righteousness shall tell,
For GOD is judge in Israel.

Hear, Israel ! I My law declare,
Witness against thee I will bear ;
Thy GOD am I, by many a vow,
I call thee not to judgment now
For sacrifices rarely paid,
Nor duly on Mine altar laid.

Not for a bullock from thy stall,
Nor he-goat from thy folds I call ;
The forest beasts that roam at will
Are Mine,—the herds on every hill,
Each bird upon the cliffs I know,
And wild beasts in the fields below.

If I an hunger'd were indeed,
I would not tell thee of My need,
For the whole world is Mine ; and all
That is therein is at My call.
Bulls' flesh dost thou My substance think,
Or that the blood of goats I drink ?

Thanksgivings unto GOD present,
And hearts to keep their promise bent ;
And call upon the LORD most high,
In times when trouble draweth nigh ;
So, heard in sorrow's darkest hour,
Thou shalt confess My saving pow'r.

But to the wicked, saith the LORD,
Why dost thou preach My holy word ?
Of GOD thy boast for ever make,
And in thy mouth My cov'nant take ;
Yet from reproofs of wisdom turn,
And My commandments from thee spurn ?

To the thief's work thou didst consent,
Thy feet with the adult'rer went,
Thy speech is only us'd for wrong ;
And falsehoods dost thou with thy tongue
Against thy brother sit and frame,
Thy mother's son with slander name.

Thus hast thou done, and I refrain'd,
I held my tongue, and mute remain'd ;
And wickedly thou thinkest now
That I am such an one as thou :
But I will thee reprove, and all
That thou hast done, to thee recal.

My word, ye godless, call to mind,
Lest, when I smite, no help ye find :
Me doth he glorify, who pays
The off'ring due of pray'r and praise ;
And he shall see salvation's light,
Who ordereth his life aright.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, O my GOD, on me,
According to Thy goodness free ;
According to Thy wonted grace,
The record of my guilt efface :
O wash me throughly from my sin,
And make my conscience clean within.

Lo ! I confess my guilt to Thee,
And all my shame before me see ;
Rebellious against Thee alone,
This evil in Thy sight I've done ;
That just Thy saying might appear,
And Thou in judgment should'st be clear.

Lo ! I was shapen all in sin,
In guilt conceiv'd, the womb within.

But truth Thou seekest from the heart,
And inward wisdom dost impart !
With hyssop purge, and make me clean,
Wash me,—as snow shall I be seen.

LORD ! when I hear Thy gladd'ning voice,
My bones, now broken, will rejoice ;
Hide from my wickedness Thy face,
Blot out what tells of my disgrace :
A clean heart make me, and renew
Within me, LORD, a spirit true.

O bid me not from Thee depart,
Nor take Thy spirit from my heart :
Give me salvation's joy again,
With Thy free spirit me sustain ;
Then truth from me shall sinners learn,
And, penitent, to Thee return.

LORD, from blood-guiltiness set free
My soul, and my salvation be ;
My tongue shall then aloud confess,
With songs of praise, Thy righteousness :
Open my lips, now clos'd with shame,
That I may all Thy truth proclaim.

Thou dost no sacrifice require,
Else would I give Thee Thy desire :

Burnt off'rings, LORD, Thou dost not seek,
Thy sacrifice, a spirit meek ;
A contrite spirit Thou dost prize,
Nor wilt a broken heart despise.

Be Zion with Thy favour crown'd,
Do Thou the walls of Salem found ;
Then Thou, O LORD, well-pleas'd, shalt ble
The sacrifice of righteousness ;
E'en whole burnt-offerings duly paid,
And bullocks on Thine altars laid !

PSALM LII.

WHY, O thou tyrant, strong in might,
In mischief findest thou delight

While daily GOD is gracious found !
Mischief thy tongue doth still devise,
The faithful with its piercing lies,
Like a sharp razor, it doth wound.

Evil thou more than good dost prize,
Falsehood dost love, and truth despise ;

All guile thou lovest, thou false tongue :
Thee, therefore, GOD shall surely blast,
Pluck forth, and from His presence cast !
Up-torn the living from among.

The innocent shall also see
With godly fear the just decree,
And their oppressor shall deride ;
“ Lo ! ’tis the man who GOD forsook,
And for his strength his riches took ;
His soul he strengthen’d in his pride.”

LORD, in Thy courts and bless’d by Thee,
E’en like a fruitful olive-tree,
Still will I in Thy mercy trust :
There for Thy works Thy praise proclaim,
And wait upon Thy holy Name,
In sweet communion with the just.

PSALM LIII.

“ THERE is no GOD !” the fool doth say,—
It is the utt’rance of his heart :
In hateful ways Thy people stray,
None chooseth, LORD, the better part.

GOD from His throne look’d down, and scann’d
The families of man, to see
If any souls would understand,
And seeking Him, from folly flee.

But all had from His pathway stray'd,
All had abominations done :
None had His holy will obey'd,
None had done wisely, no, not one.

Have they no knowledge what to dread,
They who so falsely act and speak ;
My people thus devour as bread,
And GOD their Maker never seek ?

Fear not, when nought should cause dismay
Lo ! GOD the bones hath scatter'd wide
Of those who camp'd against thee lay,
Their hosts dispers'd thou shalt deride.

O that in Isra'l's hour of need,
Salvation might from Zion spring ;
When GOD His captives back shall lead,
Jacob shall laugh and Isra'l sing.

PSALM LIV.

LORD ! save me by Thy Name,
And judge me in my need ;
Regard my humble claim,
And hear me, when I plead.

Strangers against me rise,
Me tyrants seek to slay ;
They ne'er before their eyes
Have set Thy holy way.

But with me is the LORD ;
The LORD my cause shall own ;
My foes with shame reward,
Far-scatter'd and o'erthrown.

Free-offerings I will bring,
And shed the cleansing blood ;
Praise to the LORD will sing,
Whose Name alone is good.

Lo ! from my countless woes
The LORD doth set me free ;
And my insulting foes
Cut off and slain I see.

PSALM LV.

LORD, hear my pray'r, nor hide Thy face
When earnestly I cry for grace ;
Unto my trouble, LORD, take heed,
And mark how mournfully I plead !

The foe doth shame upon me cast,
The wicked cometh on so fast,
Mischief against me they prepare,
To me such hatred do they bear.
The fear of death is o'er me spread,
My heart within disquieted ;
Trembling and fear my mind possess,
And horrors dark my soul oppress.

Could the dove lend her wings to me,
Far hence I soon at rest would be !
Far off I then would flee away,
And in the lonely desert stay ;
Yea, then would soon leave far behind
The tempest and the stormy wind.

Divide them, LORD ; their tongues confound
Strife in the city have I found,—
Yea, violence and lawless might,
Pacing its walls by day and night ;
Dark wickedness I've seen therein,
The streets are fill'd with woe and sin.

No open foe shew'd me this scorn,
For then the shame I could have borne :
Nor thus mine adversary did,
For then myself I could have hid ;

But it was thou, my bosom-friend,
Who faith and fondness didst pretend ;
Sweet counsel oft we took, and trod,
As closest friends, the courts of GOD.

Let death soon seize them as his own,
And let them quick to hell go down !
Sin doth on them its hold maintain,
Yea, doth in all their dwellings reign !

But as for me, on GOD I call,
And He shall save me from them all.
At morn, at noontide, and at eve,
He shall my ceaseless pray'r receive,—
My soul in peace from battles hide,
While hosts are marshall'd on my side :
Yea, GOD, unchangeably the same,
Shall hear me, and their pride shall tame ;
So shall they find their due reward,
Who would not turn, and fear the LORD.

His covenant the traitor broke,
And while at peace, he dealt the stroke ;
His accents were more soft than oil,
But war was in his heart the while ;
Smoother than butter were his words,
And yet they were unsheathèd swords.

O on the LORD thy burden cast,
And He shall keep thee to the last ;
Nor suffer, in affliction's day,
The righteous to be cast away !

But them Thou shalt, O LORD, lay low,
And in the dust of death o'erthrow ;
Of guile and blood who love the ways,
They shall not live out half their days ;
But, LORD, my trust shall be in Thee,
Nor shall my soul forsaken be.

PSALM LVI.

THY mercy, LORD, to me display,
For man about doth go
To prey on me, and, day by day,
Fighting, would bring me low.

Yea, daily my deceitful foes
To swallow me draw nigh ;
In gather'd numbers they enclose
My path, O Thou Most High.

But when afraid I'll trust in Thee,
And praise Thy word anew ;
In Thee I trust, nor fear to see
What flesh to me can do.

They wrest my words with counsels dark,
And daily wrongs prepare ;
They meet, and hide themselves, and mark
My steps, to lay the snare.

Shall they by their iniquity
Escape the debt they owe ?
Awake, O LORD, their guilt to see ;
In judgment bring them low.

For Thou dost count my secret fears,
And on my wanderings look ;
Into Thy bottle put my tears,—
Are they not in Thy book ?

When unto Thee I make my cry,
My foes are scatter'd wide ;
This do I know, on this rely,
For GOD is on my side.

Still will I put my trust in Thee,
And praise Thy word anew ;
In GOD I trust, nor fear to see
What man to me can do.

The vows, O GOD, in trouble made—
Thy vows—upon me are ;
To Thee shall they be duly paid,
Thy praise will I declare.

My soul from death Thou hast restor'd,
From falling (too) my feet ;
Before Thee that in light, O LORD,
The living I may meet.

PSALM LVII.

O GOD, be merciful to me,
For I on Thee rely ;
Thy shelt'ring wings my shield shall be,
Till troubles are gone by.

To the High GOD my pray'r shall rise,
And He who makes me whole
Shall send and save me from their lies
Who would devour my soul.

Forth shall He truth and mercy send,
Lions I lie among,—
E'en men, whose teeth like arrows rend,
A flaming sword their tongue.

Above the heav'ns exalt Thy Name,
O GOD, and set Thy throne!
Thy glory o'er the earth proclaim,
The earth which is Thine own.

They for my footsteps set the snare,
They would my soul inthral ;
A pit for others they prepare,
And into it shall fall.

O GOD, my heart to Thee is bent,
A ready heart I bring,
And praises shall my lips present,
And my best member sing.

Awake, my glory, and awake.
My harp !—the psaltery swell,
And I myself, ere morning break,
Thy praise will early tell.

From me before the nations nigh
Shall praise to Thee arise,
Whose mercy more than heav'n is high,
Whose truth, than yonder skies.

Above the heav'ns exalt Thy Name,
O GOD, and set Thy throne ;
Thy glory o'er the earth proclaim,
The earth which is Thine own !

PSALM LVIII.

Do ye indeed in righteousness,
O congregation, speak ?
And ye, O sons of men, confess—
Judge ye the poor and weak ?

Yea; from your hearts within proceed
The hidden things of shame ;
And in the earth each lawless deed
Your hands unwearied frame.

From Thee, O GOD, they turn away,
Thee from the womb despise ;
As soon as they are born, astray
They wander, speaking lies.

Theirs is the poison of the snake,
Like the deaf adder they,
Which will not to the charmer wake,
Wisely soe'er he play.

Break, LORD, their teeth, and tame their
pride ;
The lions' fangs uproot ;
Floods be they, which are quickly dried ;
Bolts marr'd, which none can shoot.

As snails that melt away in slime
Be they,—past help, undone ;
Or, as a birth before its time,
Let them not see the sun.

Before your pots can feel the fire,
From the dry thorns beneath,
Them shall the whirlwind of His ire
Sweep in their prime to death.

The righteous shall rejoice to see
On sinners vengeance meet,
Shall execute the just decree,
And wash in blood their feet.

So that there is a triumph-day,
To such as on Him call ;
Doubtless there is (a man shall say)
A GOD, that judgeth all.

PSALM LIX.

LORD, snatch me from my cruel foes,
From them that up against me rise ;
Lo ! they around me fiercely close,
And e'en to shed my blood devise.

The gather'd mighty lay the snare,—
No sin of mine has caus'd theirs pite;
Without my fault they strife prepare;
O LORD, awake, and for me fight!

Thou GOD of hosts and Isra'l's LORD,
Against the heathen shalt arise,
Nor mercy shalt to them afford
Who wickedly Thy law despise.

They come at eve,—like dogs they yell,
And search the city far and near;
Their tongues are swords,—with malice swell
Their lips, for (say they) “Who doth hear?”

But Thou shalt laugh at them, O LORD,
And all the heathen shalt deride;
For strength I wait upon Thy word,—
My refuge Thou from scorn and pride.

GOD shall prevent me with His grace,
And rescue me in my distress;
So that with calmness, face to face,
I look on those who me oppress.

Slay them not, lest, when out of sight,
Their doom from Isra'l's memory fade;
Scatter them rather by Thy might,
And bring them down, O LORD, our aid!

For their great sin of bitter scorn,
Let them be taken in their pride,—
The curses, grievous to be borne,
With which against me they have lied.

Consume them in Thy wrath, O LORD ;
Waste them, till they be nothing worth,
And know that 'Thou, Who art ador'd
In Isra'l, rulest all the earth.

Let them at eve return and howl,
Like dogs, throughout the city wide ;
For meat let them in hunger prowl,
And grudge, if still unsatisfied.

But I will magnify Thy pow'r,
And in the morning praise Thy grace ;
For Thou, O LORD, in sorrow's hour,
Hast been my shield and dwelling-place.

Yea, I will sing, will sing to Thee,
O Thou my strength, in safety now !
The refuge sure to which I flee,
My merciful Redeemer Thou !

PSALM LX.

LORD, Thou hast cast us off, astray
And scatter'd o'er the plain ;
Hiding Thy face in wrath away ;
O turn to us again !

Shaken hast Thou and torn the land ;
Its breaches heal !—'Tis rent !
Hard things for us Thou didst command,
And deadly wine hast sent.

Yet we've a banner from above,
'Tis for the truth display'd ;
LORD, to the people of Thy love
With Thy right hand give aid.

GOD by His holy prophet spoke,
His promise I will hail ;
And Sichem bring beneath my yoke,
And mete out Succoth's vale.

Gilead is mine, Manasseh mine,
Ephraim is my hold ;
Judah (the sceptre of my line,)
My lawgiver foretold.

Moab's my washpot, and my shoe
O'er Edom I cast out ;
Thee, O Philistia, I subdue,
O'er thee in triumph shout.

Who me into their city strong—
E'en Edom—who will lead ?
LORD, wilt not Thou, though anger'd long,
Nor with our hosts proceed ?

LORD, succour us in this our woe !
Man's help in vain, we own ;
Through Thee we valiantly shall do,—
Our foes we shall tread down.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my pray'r, my crying heed,
When griefs o'erwhelm my heart ;
To Thee for succour I will plead
From earth's remotest part.

Me to the rock for refuge guide,
That higher is than I ;
For Thou hast been my shelter tried,
My tow'r, when foes were nigh !

For ever, LORD, a servant meek,
I'll in Thy courts reside,—
Thy wings will for a covert seek,
Wherein I may abide.

For Thou, O LORD, the vows hast heard,
Oft made, when foes were near ;
And hast on me the lot conferr'd
Of those Thy Name who fear.

To the king's life Thou days shalt add,
And years for evermore ;
That He, by grace and truth made glad,
May dwell, Thy face before.

That grace and truth, O LORD, prepare
To be his endless stay ;
So, while Thy praises I declare,
My vows I'll daily pay.

PSALM LXII.

My soul on GOD doth ever wait,
Abiding at His mercy-gate,
Seeking salvation thence ;
He only is my rock and stay,
Nor shall I greatly fall away,
For He is my defence.

How long will ye devise my fall?
Slain shall ye be,—or like a wall
And fence that tottering lean;
To cast my honour down they seek,
Falsehood they love, and smoothly speak,
The while they curses mean.

Wait thou, my soul, on GOD alone,
Still hoping in His goodness known;—
Salvation cometh thence.
He only is my rock and stay,
Nor shall I greatly fall away,
For He is my defence.

He is my glory and my light,
My health is He, my rock of might;
Trust shall in Him endure.
On Him, ye people, always call;
Pour out your hearts before Him, all!
GOD is our refuge sure.

The sons of men like shadows fade;
They prove, when in the balance laid,
Than vanity more light;
Trust not in wrong,—let folly cease;
In this world's joys, if wealth increase,
Let not your heart delight.

GOD to all people spake the word,
Once, yea, and twice the strain I heard—
That pow'r is Thine, O LORD !
And mercy doth to Thee belong,
Who, as we walk in right or wrong,
Dost every man reward.

PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, Thou art my GOD ! Thy face
Early I seek, to taste Thy grace ;
My soul is longing after Thee,
Thee is my flesh athirst to see,
Here on a dry and sultry plain,
Where grateful streams I seek in vain.

Thy glorious pow'r I would behold,
As in Thy temple's courts of old ;
Better Thy love than length of days ;
My lips shall ever speak Thy praise,—
Their language, while I live, the same,
My hands uplifted in Thy Name.

My soul, thus all athirst for Thee,
For ever satisfied shall be
As with a feast of plenteousness ;
While Thee with joyful lips I bless,—

Rememb'ring Thee upon my bed,
To Thee in the night-watches led.

My home (while Thou upholdest me)
The shadow of Thy wings shall be.
Thee my soul follows all the day,
Yea, Thy right hand hath been my stay :
While they who to destroy me try,
In the earth's depths, o'erthrown, shall lie.

Them the avenging sword shall slay,
The wild beasts shall upon them prey ;
But the king shall in GOD rejoice,
While saints in hymns lift up their voice ;
And stopp'd shall be, with endless shame,
The mouths of all who falsehoods frame.

PSALM LXIV.

MY voice in supplication hear,
O LORD ! and save my life from fear ;
Turn Thou my foes' dark schemes aside,—
Me from their insurrection hide.

Their tongues they whet, like very swords,
Their arrows shoot, e'en bitter words ;
Conceal'd they shoot the sudden spear,
E'en at Thy saints, and never fear.

Each unto each doth courage lend,
Evil to do and to defend ;
In secret converse snares they lay,
And "Who is there to see?" they say.

They search for means of doing ill,
And this their search too well fulfil ;
Secret their treach'rous plots they keep,—
Each heart in subtlety is deep.

But GOD on them shall bend His bow,
And suddenly shall lay them low ;
Their own tongues shall their ruin be,
And all who see them far shall flee.

And all shall fear and understand,
And trembling own GOD's mighty hand ;
The true in heart, to joy restor'd,
Shall trust and triumph in the LORD.

PSALM LXV.

PRAISE waits in Zion, LORD, on Thee,—
There Thou the vow perform'd shalt see.
O Thou, Who prayer dost ever hear,
All flesh shall unto Thee draw near ;
My sins prevail against my soul,
But Thou shalt cleanse and make me whole.

Blest, whom Thou choosest to be Thine,
And drawest near unto Thy shrine ;
Within Thy temple to abide ;—
We shall with joys be satisfied ;
With pleasures in Thy courts of grace,
E'en in Thy holy dwelling-place.

By wondrous things in righteousness,
Us wilt Thou answer,—us wilt bless.
In Thee the ends of earth confide,
They, too, amidst the waters wide ;
With pow'r eternal girded round,
Thou didst by strength the mountains found.

Thou dost the swelling seas assuage,
Their billows, and the people's rage ;
The dwellers in earth's utmost parts
Thy tokens see and bow their hearts ;
Th' outgoings of the morn and eve
Rejoice Thy blessing to receive.

Thou visitest the barren land,
And water'st it with gracious hand,—
In copious streams and gentle rains
Riches are pour'd upon the plains ;
Corn for all flesh Thou dost prepare,
For all providing by Thy care.

Soft rains are on the ridges shed,
And gently through the furrows led ;
The soften'd earth her increase yields,
And Thou dost bless the springing fields ;
The earth Thou dost with goodness crown,
And all Thy clouds drop fatness down.

They drop it on the desert-ground,
The hills are gladden'd all around ;
In pasture fair and verdant mead
The flocks and herds in safety feed ;
Rich harvests in the valleys spring,
They shout for joy, they also sing.

PSALM LXVI.

O ALL ye lands, your GOD proclaim,
With joyful songs awake ;
Shew forth the honour of His Name,
His praises glorious make.

Say unto GOD,—In works of might
How terrible art Thou ;
Lo ! Thou Thine enemies shall smite,
And they before Thee bow.

Thee all the earth shall worship, LORD,
And unto Thee shall sing ;
Thy Name by all shall be ador'd,—
Thou art th' eternal King.

Come, see what GOD for man has wrought,
He made the sea dry land ;
They through the flood on foot were brought
Triumphant by His hand.

He beareth everlasting sway,
His eyes the nations see ;
And such as still will disobey
Shall not unhumbled be.

O bless our GOD, ye people all,
Aloud His praise repeat ;
Our soul upholding lest we fall,
He maketh sure our feet !

For Thou hast prov'd us in Thy way,
Hast us as silver tried ;
Affliction on our loins didst lay,
To snares our steps didst guide.

O'er us Thou causedst them to ride,
Through fire and floods we pass'd ;
But to a home, with wealth supplied,
Thou broughtest us at last.

Burnt-off'rings with me will I take ;
And in Thy house will pay
The vows which with my lips I spake,
In my affliction's day.

The choicest which the flock supplies,
As victims I will lead ;
The incense, too, of rams shall rise,
And goats and bullocks bleed.

Come nigh, ye people, every one,
All who fear GOD, prepare !
What for my soul my GOD hath done
I will to you declare.

My lips did praise to Him present,
And pray'r my tongue preferr'd ;
Yet had my heart to falsehood bent,
Ne'er had its prayer been heard.

But GOD hath heard my voice indeed,
Nor turn'd my pray'r aside ;
And prais'd be He, who gave me heed
Nor did His mercy hide.

PSALM LXVII.

GOD grant us His forgiving grace,
On us His blessing pour ;
And let the brightness of His face
Shine on us more and more.

That so Thy soul-converting way
May through the earth be shewn ;
And midst the nations, far astray,
Thy saving health be known.

Thee let the people praise, O LORD,
Thee all the people praise !
O let the nations sing, restor'd,
And shouts of triumph raise !

For Thou right judgment shalt award,
On earth shalt Thou be King ;
Thee let the nations praise, O LORD,
Let all the people sing !

Then, when its curse is far remov'd,
The earth shall yield increase ;
And GOD, our GOD and Saviour prov'd,
Shall bless us with His peace.

Yea, GOD shall bless us evermore,
And earth's remotest parts
Their Maker's throne shall bow before,
And worship from their hearts.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET GOD arise, and let Him see
His scatter'd foes before Him flee,
And all, His judgments who defy,—
As smoke, be they dispers'd with shame,
And as wax melteth at the flame,
Before Him let them fall and die.

But let the just lift up their voice,
Yea, and exceedingly rejoice ;
Sing ye to GOD and praise His Name !
Let Him Who on the heav'ns doth ride,
In His name JAH be magnified,—
Before Him praise and joy proclaim.

A Father of the fatherless,
The widow's God in her distress,
Is He from his eternal shrine !
Children the desolate have found,
And He hath loos'd the captives bound,
In scarceness while the wicked pine.

When God did with His hosts proceed,
And through the wild His armies lead,
Earth shook, and heav'n before Him fell;
Even as Sinai, too, did bend
When GOD in glory did descend,
E'en the LORD GOD of Israel.

Thou sentest, LORD, a gracious rain,
Thy wearied people to sustain,—
Food to the drooping tribes supplied :
Thickly around their tents it fell,
Amidst it did the people dwell,
For them Thy goodness did provide.

GOD gave the word,—a glorious band
Heard and obey'd the glad command,
And all His mighty deeds declar'd.
Kings with their armies fled away ;
While she who in the tents did stay,
The treasures of the vanquish'd shar'd.

Though ye amidst the pots did lie,
Ye, as the dove, aloft shall fly
In plumes of gold and silver wings.
In Salmon all as snow was bright,
When GOD of yore, the GOD of might,
Before His people scatter'd kings.

The hill of GOD doth reach the skies,
As Bashan's hill GOD's hill doth rise ;
 Ye hills, why tow'r ye thus in pride ?
This is the hill GOD loveth well,
In it doth He delight to dwell ;
 For ever will He here abide.

GOD's chariots all unnumber'd are,
Him thousand thousands onward bear,
 Even angelic hosts untold :
And GOD amidst them hath come down,
On Zion, chosen for His own,
 As once on Sinai's steep of old.

Thou hast ascended up on high,
Captive hast led captivity,
 Gifts on Thine enemies to send ;
That GOD with man indeed might dwell :
Blest be the GOD of Israel,
 Who daily doth His own defend !

Our GOD alone hath pow'r to save,
He hath the issues from the grave ;
 E'en Isra'l's GOD, whose Name we bless.
But GOD shall wound His tow'ring foes,
And bruise the hairy scalp of those
 Who still are minded to transgress.

The LORD hath said, Mine own once more
I bring, from Bashan as of yore,

As through the depths their hosts I led ;
That in the blood of heathens slain
Thy dogs may dip their tongues again,
And in the same thy foot be red.

'Twas seen, O LORD, the solemn throng,
That bore Thee to Thy courts along,

With hymns of praise, up Zion's way ;
Before Thee were the singers seen,
The minstrels follow'd, and between
Did virgins with their timbrels play.

" Bless GOD among His saints," they sung,
" Bless GOD, all ye from Jacob sprung ! "

There Benjamin their ruler went :
Judah, their law-giver rever'd,
Chiefs of Zebulun, too, appear'd,
And Nephthali his princes sent.

For thee thy GOD hath strength decreed,
O stablish in us, LORD, indeed

What Thou hast wrought by pow'r divine :
For Salem's sake, Thy chosen throne,
The heathen kings Thy Name shall own,
And presents bring unto Thy shrine.

The wild beast of the reeds o'erthrow^c,
And lo, (the idol calves laid low,)
Each prince his tribute humbly pays :
No longer leagu'd in pride of war,
Their hands in worship, from afar
Egypt and Ethiopia raise.

Sing unto GOD ye kingdoms all,
Through the wide world : before Him fall ;—
Sing ye His praises and rejoice :
He rideth on the heavens of old,
Thence do we hear His thunders roll'd,
His voice we hear, His mighty voice !

Ascribe ye strength to GOD above,
O'er Isra'l is His tender love ;
His strength is in the highest heav'n :
O wondrous in Thy holy place,
'Tis Isra'l's GOD, Who giveth grace :
All blessing unto Him be giv'n.

^c By "the beast of the reeds" (the crocodile) the Egyptian power is symbolised. The Psalmist prays for its overthrow, as the type of the Evil One ; and (as the result of that great conquest) he foresees the destruction of idols, homage to the Church on the part of heathen nations, and especially the conversion of Egypt and Ethiopia, and the reign of peace.—See the Commentaries of Bishops Horne and Wordsworth ; and the marginal reading.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O GOD : the waves come in,
And rise e'en o'er my soul within ;
In the deep mire I sink, where ground
Cannot for standing-place be found ;
Waters resistless o'er me roll,
And even overwhelm my soul :
Wearied, O LORD, to Thee I cry,
With parching thirst my throat is dry ;
More than the hairs upon my head
Are they, by hate against me led ;
Mighty are they, who count it joy
My soul, all guiltless, to destroy ;
Things which I took not, I repaid ;
And no resistance to them made.

My foolishness is known to Thee,
Thou all my trespasses dost see !
O let not those who love Thy Name,
LORD, for my sake be put to shame ;
Nor let Thy faithful ones through me,
O Isra'l's GOD, offended be :
For 'tis for Thee I bear disgrace,
And shame hath been upon my face ;

Strange am I to my neighbours round,
Nor by my father's children own'd !
Zeal for Thy honour'd house and name
Hath e'en consum'd my feeble frame,
And the reproaches, cast on Thee,
Have fallen, O my GOD, on me.
With tears and fasting when I mourn'd,
To my reproof it all was turn'd ;
Bow'd down by grief, I sackcloth wore,
A by-word was I made the more ;
Against me in the gates they spake,
And songs of me the drunkards make.
But as for me, to Thee I pray,
LORD, in an acceptable day ;
In Thy abundant grace give ear,
Let Thy salvation's truth appear ;
Out of the mire my soul restore,
Nor let me sink, to rise no more.
From them that hate me set me free,
From the deep waters rescue me :
Let not the billows o'er me pour,
Nor me the troubled sea devour ;
Nor let the pit, prepar'd by foes,
Its mouth on me for ever close.
O hear me, for the deepest grief
Can in Thy mercy find relief,

Hear me, according to Thy grace,
Nor from Thy servant hide Thy face ;
Thou seest, LORD, how great my need,
To raise and succour me make speed ;
'Tis for deliv'rance, LORD, I cry,
Now, in redeeming love, draw nigh !

My shame and grief are known to Thee,
Thou dost mine adversaries see ;
My heart is broken by rebuke,
In heaviness around I look
For pity, but no friends appear ;
For comforters, but none are near :
Gall, too, for meat they bid me take,
And vinegar, my thirst to slake.

LORD ! let their table be their snare,
And what they think good fruit will bear,
Bring only evil on them all,
The sure occasion of their fall.
With blindness let their eyes be dim,
Let palsy creep through every limb ;
Let anger seize them on their path,—
Pour out upon them all Thy wrath :
Raz'd be their dwelling to the ground,
And no man in their tents be found ;

For them with malice they pursue,
Whom Thou dost wound, and wound anew ;
Still let them fall from sin to sin,
Nor to Thy righteousness come in :
Them from life's book for ever blot,
And with the righteous write them not.

But I am poor, to grief a prey,
Let Thy salvation be my stay.

With songs Thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And with thanksgivings bless Thy Name :
This shall GOD count of greater price
Than bullocks meet for sacrifice ;
This to the meek shall comfort give,—
Seek after GOD, and ye shall live ;
For He regardeth those who need,
And all His prisoners doth heed.

Let heav'n and earth and seas upraise,
With all that is therein, His praise ;
For Zion shall by Him be crown'd,
And Judah's cities built around,
That men may dwell therein secure,
And have them as a portion sure,
An heritage for Isra'l's race,
And for His saints a dwelling-place.

PSALM LXX.

HASTE, LORD, to help me in my need,
To save me, O my GOD, make speed !
Shame and confusion on them wait,
Who seek my soul with bitter hate ;
Turn'd backward and to shame be brought
All who my ruin would have wrought.

Let shame their scorn of me repay,
"Fie on thee, Fie on thee !" who say ;
But let the humble and the meek,
All who salvation love to seek,
For ever, LORD, rejoice in Thee,
And ever taste Thy mercies free.

Still let them say, with strength supplied,
The LORD our GOD be magnified :
Needy am I and poor indeed,
But yet GOD doth my sorrows heed ;
Thou my salvation art, and stay,
Make Thou, my GOD, no long delay !

PSALM LXXI.

IN Thee, O LORD, I have repos'd my trust,
Ne'er let me by my foes confounded be ;
Deliver me, as Thou art true and just,
Incline Thine ear to me, and set me free !

My stronghold be, in which I may abide,
My place of refuge, LORD, from day to day ;
Some shelter Thou didst promise to provide,
For Thou my fortress art, my rock and stay.

Let not the hand of foes o'er me prevail,
The hand of fierce oppressors and unjust :
Thou art my hope, the hope that cannot fail,
E'en from my youth in Thee has been my trust.

By Thee have I been holden up and taught,
Since I was born : Thou, gracious LORD, art He
Who from his mother's womb Thy servant brought,
My praise shall be continually of Thee.

At me though many as a monster gaze,
My trust is still in Thy protecting pow'r ;
Be my mouth fill'd with thankfulness and praise,
To give Thee glory every passing hour.

O cast me not away, with age grown weak,
Forsake me not, whose strength doth now decay ;
Mine enemies against me fiercely speak,
Snares for my soul (in council plann'd) they lay.

“GOD hath forsaken him,” they boldly say ;
“Take him, while none will help him in his need !”
LORD, go not from Thy servant far away,
My GOD, to save me from their hands make
speed !

Consum'd be they, O LORD, and brought to shame,
Who are against my soul by malice led ;
O'er them, who at my hurt and downfall aim,
Let all dishonour and reproach be spread.

But I will hope, and with thanksgivings pray,
My mouth to all Thy righteousness shall shew ;
Yea, show forth Thy salvation all the day,
For I thereof no end nor measure know.

Forth in Thy strength I'll go, to tell Thy truth,
Thy righteousness proclaiming, Thine alone ;
For the LORD GOD hath taught me from my youth,
And hitherto His wondrous works I've shewn.

Forsake me not, my GOD, when I am old,
Grey-headed, and by life's long labours worn ;
Till to this generation I have told
Thy strength, Thy pow'r to nations yet unborn.

Thy righteousness, O GOD, is very high,
Great are the works and wonders wrought by
Thee ;
In Israel's troubles Thou art ever nigh,
Who unto Thee, O GOD, can liken'd be ?

O what adversities both great and sore
Thou didst unto me send, my soul to prove ;
But Thou shalt turn, Thy servant to restore,
Yea, and refresh me with sustaining love.

Thou, LORD, didst quicken me again to live,
When from earth's lowest depths to Thee I cried ;
And Thou again to me shalt greatness give,
Yea, and shalt comfort me on every side.

Thy faithfulness and truth, my GOD and King,
Therefore will I upon the psaltery tell ;
And on the harp Thy praises will I sing,
O Thou, the Holy One of Israel.

My lips in sacred triumph will be fain,
When I with thankful songs Thy mercy show ;
So will my soul, O LORD, rejoice again,
By Thee redeem'd from bondage and from woe.

My tongue (too) of Thy righteousness, O LORD,
All the day long exultingly will speak ;
While they have shame and sorrow for reward,
With malice who to do me evil seek.

PSALM LXXII.

LORD, teach the king Thy righteous way,
And let his son with judgment sway ;
With his just rule the people bless,
And judge the poor with righteousness ;
So shall the mountains yield increase
Of righteousness to them, and peace :
Let him the simple help to right,
The needy save, the wrongful smite.

Thee shall they seek with worship pure,
E'en while the sun and moon endure ;
As show'rs upon the meadows mown,
Wat'ring the earth shall He come down.

The just shall in His days have rest,
And be with peace for ever blest ;
Peace like the moon shall endless be,
His realm shall reach from sea to sea ;
From the great stream it shall extend,
E'en to the world's remotest end,
They in the wilderness who dwell
(His foes) shall never more rebel.
Soon shall they kneel before His seat,
Or lick the dust beneath His feet.
The kings shall offer gifts, who sway
In Tarshish and the Isles away ;
Yea gifts to Him shall every king
Of Sheba and of Seba bring :
All kings shall low before Him fall,
All nations shall upon Him call.

For He shall hear the cry of need,
The poor and helpless He shall heed,
The simple shall with favour see,
And set their souls from bondage free ;
Their souls redeem from lawless might,
Their blood is precious in His sight ;
And He shall live, and Sheba's gold,
At Salem offer'd, shall behold :
Through Him shall pray'r be ever made,
And praise to Him be daily paid.

An handful they of corn shall sow,
Which on the mountain's top shall grow,
Till harvests wave beneath the breeze,
Like Lebanon's unnumber'd trees,
And (as with grass the freshen'd ground,)
The city be with people crown'd.

His name through every age shall run,
His Name, enduring as the Sun ;
In Him all nations shall be bless'd,
"Blessèd," by all the world confess'd !

Bless'd be Jehovah, GOD alone,
Who only wondrous things hath done ;
For ever bless'd His holy Name,
Who Israel for His own doth claim ;
His Glory all the earth shall fill,
LORD, even so ! Do Thou Thy will !

PSALM LXXIII.

TRULY to Isra'l GOD is good,
Even to those whose heart is pure ;
Yet, LORD, on slippery ground I stood,
Nor were my treadings firm and sure.

For at the wicked, o'er me came
An envious grief, their wealth to see ;
In death no pangs afflict their frame,
Their strength unbroken seems to be.

They ne'er, like other men, have care,
Nor are like other men distress'd ;
So, as a chain, their pride they wear,
Cloth'd with oppression as a vest.

Their eyes with fatness seem to swell,
Their wealth is more than heart could seek ;
At Thy pure doctrine they rebel,
Proudly and loftily they speak.

Their mouth against the heav'ns is set,
And their tongue walketh through the earth ;
Thy saints into their hands they get ^d,
And from them wring full waters forth.

“Tush” (say they) “How should God perceive,
Can the Most High our doings know ?”
Lo ! these their treasures here receive,
The wicked these, who thrive below.

^d See Bishop Horne's Commentary.

Truly my heart and hands in vain
Have I in innocence made clean ;
Vainly all day have toil'd with pain,
And every morning chasten'd been.

Yea, I had almost said as they,
But then Thy saints I should offend ;
Yet when I thought to know Thy way,
'Twas hard its scheme to apprehend.

Until I sought Thy courts of grace,
Then, LORD, their end I understood ;
Them Thou on slippery heights dost place,
To cast them headlong in the flood.

O swift and fearful is their fall,
A dream, when one awaketh, flies :
When them to judgment Thou shalt call,
So Thou their image shalt despise.

So full of sorrow was my mind,
My reins were prick'd with trouble sore ;
So ignorant was I and blind,
E'en as a beast, Thy face before.

Yet do I still with Thee abide,
Thy hold of me Thou dost not leave ;
Me with Thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And into glory then receive.

For whom have I in heav'n but Thee,
O LORD my GOD? yea, none is there
On earth whom I desire to see,
As Thee I seek beyond compare.

All other strength and hopes depart,
My heart and flesh are failing fast;
But GOD is strength unto my heart,
My portion, which shall ever last.

Those who will counsels vain pursue,
And turn from Thee, Thou wilt o'erthrow;
Thou shalt destroy, with vengeance due,
All who from Thee to idols go.

But upon GOD 'tis good for me,
Still to hold fast and with Him dwell;
LORD, I have put my trust in Thee,
And will Thy works in Zion tell.

PSALM LXXIV.

LORD, art Thou never to return,
Why doth Thy wrath against us burn,
Sheep of Thy pasture and Thy fold?
Think on Thy people, dearly bought,
The tribes, by Thee from bondage brought,
And Zion, Thine abode of old.

Lift up Thy feet to us again,
The desolations yet remain,
Which in Thy courts the foe hath made :
The places where we knelt of yore,
Thine enemies amidst them roar,
Their banners are for signs display'd.

The carvèd works, its walls that crown,
Rudely they break with hammers down,
As in some wood the strokes resound :
Lo ! (fir'd) Thy holy places flame,
The sanctuary of Thy Name,
They cast, profan'd, unto the ground.

"Let us destroy GOD's courts," they said,
"Yea, on its ruins let us tread ;"
Thy houses through the land they burn.
No prophets come among us more,
No signs are sent us as before,
No end of sorrow we discern.

How long shall we be put to shame ?
How long shall foes blaspheme Thy Name ?
LORD, why dost Thou Thy hand withhold ?
Pluck from Thy bosom Thy right hand,
For Thou salvation canst command
Through the wide world, my King of old.

The sea was parted by Thy might,
There Thou the dragon's head didst smite,
O'erwhelm'd by the returning flood :
Yea, Thou Leviathan didst blast,
His heads were by the waters cast
Unto the desert-beasts for food.

Thou didst, O LORD, the rock divide,
By Thee were mighty rivers dried ;
Thine is the night and Thine the day :
Thou hast prepar'd the light and sun,
By Thee in course the seasons run,
Summer and winter Thee obey.

Remember how the wicked still
Have murmur'd at Thy holy will,
And fools their mouth against Thee set ;
Give not Thy turtle-dove a prey
For all her enemies to slay,
Nor always, Lord, the poor forget.

Look on the covenant and vow,
For cruel habitations now
Fill the dark places of the land :
Let not the poor return with shame,
Their pray'rs unheard, but praise Thy Name,
Redeem'd by Thine almighty hand.

Plead Thine own cause, O LORD,—arise ;
Think how Thy statutes they despise,
Nor daily their blasphemings cease :
Forget not them who Thee oppose,
The pride of Thy rebellious foes
Doth ever more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

THANKS unto Thee, O LORD, we give,
Yea, we give thanks to Thee ;
That by Thy Name Thy people live,
In all Thy works we see.

When I to judge Thy people sit,
All wrongs shall be redress'd ;
The earth is weak,—its frame unknit,
On me its pillars rest.

I bade the fools put folly by,
And set not up the horn ;
“ Set not,” I said, “ your horn on high,
Nor speak in pride and scorn.”

Not from the south (by chance or skill,)
Nor from the east or west,
Doth greatness come : God's sov'reign Will
Appointeth what is best.

What change soe'er we see, 'tis done
By Him who ruleth all ;
His word doth raise to greatness one,
And cause another's fall.

Red is the wine which by His Hand
Is pour'd, and full the cup ;
And all the wicked in the land
Shall e'en the dregs drink up.

I, too, will speak their sentence, LORD !
And, shewing forth Thy praise,
Cut off their horns by just award,
While theirs the righteous raise.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah is Jehovah known,
His Name is great in Israel ;
At Salem also is His throne,
In Zion He doth ever dwell.

The arrows there, and bow He brake,
The battle brake, the sword, the shield ;
Hills, which the beasts their covert make,
Zion, to Thee in glory yield.

The proud are spoil'd, they sleep in dust,
And mightiest men are helpless grown ;
At Thy rebuke, O Israel's trust,
Both horse and chariot are o'erthrown.

Thou, even Thou, O GOD of might,
Art to be fear'd, and none beside ;
Who can stand boldly in Thy sight ?
When Thou art angry, who abide ?

From heav'n Thou didst in judgment speak,
The wide world trembled and was still ;
When GOD arose to help the meek,
And execute His righteous will.

The wrath of man, howe'er he fret,
Shall to Thy glory turn at last ;
Thou to his wrath shalt barriers set,
Which shall by none be overpass'd.

Your vow's fulfilment GOD will claim,
To the dread GOD your off'rings bring ;
The pride of princes He will tame
Who ruleth every earthly king.

PSALM LXXVII.

LORD, with my voice to Thee I cried,
E'en unto Thee in troublous tide,
Thou gavest me Thine ear :
I sought Thee when my foes increas'd,
Stretch'd forth my hands all night, nor ceas'd,
Nor would of comfort hear.

I thought upon GOD's mercies past,
And looking back, with grief o'er cast,
My soul was darken'd o'er ;
From sleep Thou dost withhold mine eyes,
And troubles so around me rise
That I can speak no more.

Upon the former days I've thought,
And years gone by before me brought,
As night by night I lie ;
I call to mind my songs of old,
And with my heart communion hold,
And all my spirits try.

Will GOD for ever give me o'er ?
His favour shall I find no more ?

And will His promise fail?
Shall wrath to mercy ne'er give place?
Hath GOD forgotten quite His grace?
O'er grace shall wrath prevail?

I said, 'Tis my infirmity;
What the right hand of the Most High
Hath wrought, I will recall:
Yea, will recall and ponder o'er
His works and wonders done of yore,
And yet declare them all.

Holy, O GOD, is all Thy way;
What GOD like Him to whom we pray?
Thou wonders dost alone:
Thy strength amidst Thy people wrought,
And Jacob's sons from bondage brought,
Yea, Joseph's sons, Thine own.

The waters saw Thee, LORD; they saw,
And fear'd; the depths were mov'd with awe,
The clouds pour'd waters forth:
The skies sent out their thunders, LORD,
Thine arrows also went abroad,
They lighten'd all the earth.

Lo! the earth trembled at Thy wrath;
In the wide waters is Thy path,

Thy way is in the deep :
Hid are Thy footsteps.—Thou didst lead,
By Moses' hand, Thy chosen seed,
By Aaron's too, like sheep.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people, wisdom seek ;
In parables My mouth shall speak,
Dark sayings tell, reveal'd of old,
Which unto us our fathers told ;
That we might shew, from sire to son,
Jehovah's praise and wonders done.

A Law to Isra'l He did grant,
And made with him a covenant ;
He bade our fathers make it known,
That, by their children handed down,
The coming ages it might reach,
And these their latest children teach.

That they on GOD their hope might set,
Nor His commands and works forget :
Nor, as their father, give no heed,
A stubborn and rebellious seed,
A seed whose heart was not aright,
Nor spirit stedfast in His sight.

Ephraim, arm'd and bearing bows,
'Turn'd back in fear, when strife arose ;
They would not by their vows abide,
But from His law they turn'd aside ;
His works forgot, to blindness prone,
And all the wonders He had shewn.

Our fathers saw His arm reveal'd,
In Egypt's land and Zoan's field ;
Them through the sea He brought on land,
The waters on an heap did stand :
He led them with a cloud by day,
By night with fire He mark'd their way.

The rocks He in the desert clave,
And drink as from a river gave ;
Yea, streams as rivers He did bring
Out of the rock, a living spring :
Yet they the more against Him spoke,
And the Most Highest did provoke.

Meat did they, tempting Him, require ;
" Can God here grant our heart's desire ?
" He smote the rock, that from its side
" The water flow'd, a gushing tide ;
" But can He flesh before us spread,
" Or in the wilderness give bread.

So, when the LORD their murmurs heard,
His anger was against them stirr'd ;
Against them kindled He a flame,
And bitter wrath upon them came :
For they to Him no credence gave,
Nor trusted in His pow'r to save.

Yet bread He bade the clouds provide,
The doors of heav'n He open'd wide ;
And manna He upon them shed,
And them with corn of heav'n He fed ;
So man was fill'd with angels' food,
And meat was sent them as they would.

He caus'd an east-wind in the skies,
And bade the south-wind there arise ;
With flesh as dust He strew'd the land,
And fowls in number as the sand :
Amidst their camp He let it fall,
Around the dwellings of them all.

So they did even eat their fill,
Their wish He gave, they had their will ;
But in their mouth the meat was yet,
When GOD His wrath against them set,
The mightiest of them all o'erthrew,
And the choice youths of Isra'l slew.

But for all this the LORD they griev'd,
Nor for His wondrous works believ'd ;
Therefore did He consume their years
In vanity, their days in tears :
They sought Him when their sons He slew,
And after GOD enquir'd anew.

Then upon GOD their rock they thought,
How He had their redemption wrought ;
Yet they but flatter'd Him the while,
And their tongues spake the words of guile :
For their heart ne'er was with Him right,
Nor true and stedfast in His sight.

Yet did He still their sin forgive,
So good was He, and let them live ;
And oft His anger turn'd away,
Nor rous'd His vengeance, day by day :
That they were flesh He call'd to mind,
And fleeting as the passing wind.

Oft in the desert Him they griev'd,
Nor in the wilderness believ'd ;
His pow'r they limited and prov'd,
The Holy One in Isra'l mov'd :
His Hand forgetting, and the day
When He had brought them forth away.

What signs in Egypt were reveal'd,
What wonders wrought in Zoan's field ;
He turn'd their waters into blood,
They could not drink the poison'd flood ;
Lice for their torments He employ'd,
And them with loathsome frogs destroy'd.

Their fruits their spoil the locusts made,
The caterpillar on them prey'd ;
O'er all their vines His hail He cast,
With frost their fig-trees He did blast ;
Their cattle, too, His hail o'erthrew,
With thunder-bolts their flocks He slew.

To them He evil angels sent,
Against them all His pow'r He bent ;
Wrath, indignation and dismay,—
And to His fury found a way :
Their soul from death He did not save,
But to the plague His people gave.

The first-born He in Egypt smote,
In Ham's dark tents the chief of note ;
But forth His people brought like sheep,
His flock did in the desert keep :
He brought them out, from danger free,
Their foes o'erwhelming in the sea.

Them to His holy land He brought,
The mountain His right hand had bought ;
The heathen, too, before them drave,
Their lands an heritage He gave
Unto the tribes of Israel,
And made them in their tents to dwell.

Yet the high GOD they did provoke,
And all His testimonies broke :
Back like their fathers they did slide,
Turn'd like a broken bow aside ;
Him with their groves they did displease,
And griev'd Him with their images.

The LORD was wroth when this He heard,
His anger was against them stirr'd ;
So that from Shiloh's shrine He went,
Where among men He pitch'd His tent,
His strength He let them captive lead,
Nor from the foe His glory freed.

He gave His people to the sword,
Wrath on His heritage He pour'd ;
The flames upon their young men fed,
No maidens were in marriage led ;
No widows, when their priests were slain,
Were left to raise the funeral strain.

So, as from sleep, the LORD awoke,
And freed them from their galling yoke ;
Like a strong man, refresh'd with wine,
Bare did He lay His arm divine,
And smote His enemies with shame,
And put dishonour on their name.

Then did He Joseph's tents refuse,
Nor did the tribe of Ephraim choose,
But Judah chose and made His own,
And Zion, which He lov'd, His throne ;
And there His deep foundations laid,
E'en like the earth, for ever made.

On David also did He look,
His servant from the sheep-fold took,
Ewes, great with young, no more to lead,
But the LORD's heritage to feed ;
So them with upright heart he fed,
And prudently in safety led.

PSALM LXXIX.

O GOD ! into Thy lov'd domain,
The heathen, lo ! their way have made ;
Thy Holy Temple they profane,
And Salem have in ruins laid.

The bodies of Thy servants slain
Unto the birds they've cast away ;
Thy saints, unburied on the plain,
Are meat unto the beasts of prey.

Their blood in streams round Salem flows,
And none to bury them is found ;
We are a scorn to all our foes,
A by-word to the heathen round.

How long, O LORD, shall wrath abide ?
Never wilt Thou to us return ?
Thy face for ever wilt Thou hide ?
Like fire shall Thy resentment burn ?

Thy wrath upon the heathen pour,
On realms that call not on Thy Name :
For lo ! Thy people they devour,
And fir'd by them, our dwellings flame.

The sins of which our hearts repent,
Remember not against us now ;
Us let Thy tender grace prevent,
For we are brought by trouble low.

E'en for the glory of Thy Name,
O GOD of our salvation, hear ;
For Thy Name's sake forgive our shame,
And to deliver us appear.

Why do the heathen boast abroad,
 "Where is their GOD, and where His might?"
Thy servants' blood avenging, LORD,
 Be known amongst them in our sight !

O let the captives' mournful sighs
 Before Thee come ; receive their cry :
Almighty as Thou art, arise,
 And save them who are doom'd to die.

And Thou our neighbours, LORD, behold,
 And on them render all the shame
Into their bosoms sevenfold,
 Wherewith they have blasphem'd Thy
 Name.

So we, Thy grateful people, LORD,
 The sheep, in Thy blest pastures fed,
To every age (by grace restor'd)
 Thy works with thankful praise will spread.

PSALM LXXX.

THOU Shepherd, that dost Isra'l feed,
And Joseph, as a flock dost lead,
Dwelling the Cherubim between,
Now let Thy brightness, LORD, be seen.

As when Thou wentest forth of yore,
Joseph and Benjamin before,
Stir up Thy strength, O GOD, forgive,
Let Thy face shine, and we shall live.

LORD God of hosts, against our pray'r
How long wilt Thou Thine anger bear ;
Lo ! tears Thou givest us for bread,
With tears for drink our cup is fed.

To part our land our neighbours seek,
Of us our foes with mockery speak ;
Turn us again, O LORD, forgive,
Let Thy face shine, and we shall live.

A vine in Egypt hast Thou found,
And planted it on chosen ground ;
To give it room the heathen bled,
Deep root it took, and widely spread.

The hills it cover'd from the sun,
Its boughs did o'er the cedars run ;
Out to the sea her boughs she sent,
Her branches to the river went.

Why hast Thou made her fences fall,
That she is pluck'd and spoil'd by all ;
The desert beast doth waste her fruit,
And her the forest boar uproot.

Return, O LORD, from heav'n incline,
Behold and visit this Thy vine ;
The vineyard Thy right hand hath dress'd,
The branch Thou for Thyself hast bless'd.

Lo ! to the flame 'tis now a prey,
Now 'tis cut down and cast away ;
Yet beneath Thy rebukeful eye,
The spoilers, LORD, shall fall and die.

Strengthen the man of Thy right hand,
That he may still before thee stand ;
Yea, shield the son of man from wrong,
Whom for Thyself Thou madest strong.

So shall we never from Thee fall ;
Give life that we may on Thee call ;
Turn us, O LORD, our sins forgive,
Let Thy face shine and we shall live.

PSALM LXXXI.

ALoud to GOD our Saviour sing,
Praise Jacob's GOD with shouts of joy :
Take ye a Psalm, the timbrels bring,
The harp and psalteries employ.

In the new moon the trumpet sound,
At the set time, our solemn day,
This ordinance the LORD did found,
His law, for Jacob to obey.

This He in Joseph did command,
When, mindful of His holy word,
He pass'd in wrath through Egypt's land,
Where a strange language we had heard.

I from the pots his hands releas'd,
His shoulder from the burden freed,
On Me thou calledst when oppress'd,
I brought thee forth and gave thee heed.

I from the cloud to thee replied,
Of thunders dark the secret place ;
Thee, too, at Meribah I tried,
Whose waters witness'd thy disgrace.

My witness, O My people, hear,
If thou wilt hearken unto Me ;
In thee shall no strange GOD appear,
Nor thou to any bend the knee.

I am the LORD, thy Saviour tried,
That brought thee forth from Egypt's land :
Open thy mouth, My people, wide,
And I will fill it from My hand.

But from My voice they wander'd more,
Nor Me would Israel obey ;
So to themselves I gave them o'er,
In their hearts' lusts I let them stray.

O that My people would have heard,
Had Israel My voice obey'd ;
Soon had My strength for them been stirr'd,
Their foes beneath them soon been laid.

The haters of the LORD had fail'd,
All would have own'd His heav'nly sway ;
But then would Israel have prevail'd,
And everlasting been His day.

With finest wheat and living bread,
Then had I satisfied Mine own ;
And evermore My people fed
With honey from the rock of stone.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD doth among the princes stand,
Judging those gods who rule the land ;
Will ye unjustly judge? How long
Accept ye persons, and do wrong?

Defend the poor in their distress,
Do justice to the fatherless ;
True to the poor and needy be,
From hands oppressive set them free.

They understand not, nor will learn,
Nor will to light from darkness turn ;
Out of its course the earth is found,
Its deep foundations all unsound.

I call'd ye gods, by Me ordain'd,
As sons of the Most High, ye reign'd ;
But ye, like men, shall perish all,
And like the boasting heathen fall.

To judge the earth, O LORD, arise,
Behold in wickedness it lies ;
But Thou shalt all the heathen bring
Into Thy fold, the only king.

PSALM LXXXIII.

HOLD not Thy tongue, nor speech refrain,
Silent no longer, LORD, remain ;
For lo, Thy foes their murmuring spread,
And scornfully lift up the head.

Craft for Thy people they prepare,
And would Thy hidden ones ensnare ;
“ Off let us cast them ! ” they exclaim,
That Israel be no more a name.

Counsel they take with one consent,
Against Thee fiercely leagu’d and bent ;
Edom and Ishmael combine,
The Hagarenes and Moab’s line.

Ammon and Amalek conspire,
The Philistines, with them of Tyre ;
Gebal and Assur lend their aid,
And with Lot’s seed our land invade.

Like Midian let them perish all,
Like Sisera and Jabin fall :
At Kishon’s brook who fell with shame,
At Endor who as dung became.

As Zeeb and Oreb by the sword,
As Zeba and Zalmunna, LORD,
Do Thou their kings and nobles slay,
Who take Thy houses for their prey.

As wheels, or chaff before the wind
Whirl’d on, no pause or respite find ;
As flames are by dry forests fed,
Or on the grassy mountains spread :—

So with Thy tempests them pursue,
Them with Thy fearful storm subdue ;
Their faces fill, O LORD, with shame,
That they may learn to fear Thy Name.

Troubled be they with endless woe,
And perish all, so men may know,—
That Thou, Jehovah nam'd, alone
O'er all the earth hast set Thy throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable Thy dwelling-place,
O LORD of hosts, Thy courts of grace!
My soul with longing and desire,
Within Thy temple would enquire ;
My heart and flesh cry out for Thee,
And faint, the living GOD to see.

The sparrow there hath found a rest,
The swallow for her young a nest ;
Even Thine altars and abode,
O LORD of hosts, my King and GOD :
How blest, who spendeth there his days,
For ever singing of Thy praise.

Blest, who on Thee his hope can stay,
And in whose heart is Zion's way ;
These still a well of water find,
While through the vale of tears they wind ;
From strength to strength advancing still,
They come to Zion's holy hill.

Hear us, O GOD our shield, the face
Of Thine anointed cheer with grace ;
One day, Thy sacred courts within,
Is better than an age of sin :
Thy temple's door-keeper to be
Is more than sin's rich tents to me.

For Thou art, LORD, a sun and shield,
Glory and grace hast Thou reveal'd ;
And no good thing wilt Thou refuse
To those a godly life who choose :
O LORD of hosts, the man is blest,
Who upon Thee his soul doth rest !

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD ! Thou again art gracious to Thy land,
And shewest loving-kindness as of old ;
Thou bringest back, by Thine almighty hand,
Thy people, captives, into bondage sold.

The sin of Jacob Thou hast pardon'd all,
And all his past iniquity dost hide ;
The fierceness of Thine anger dost recall,
And from stern chastisement art turn'd aside.

Us then, O GOD of our salvation, turn,
And let Thine anger towards us have an end ;
For ever shall Thine indignation burn,
Unto all ages shall Thy wrath extend ?

LORD ! wilt Thou quicken Thy redeem'd no more ?
Ne'er shall we gladness in Thy favour know ?
Thy mercy unto Israel restore,
And to Thy chosen Thy salvation show.

I'll mark with list'ning ear and spirit meek,
What the LORD GOD for Isra'l doth ordain ;
Peace to His saints and people He will speak,
But let them not to folly turn again.

Surely salvation, long foretold, is nigh,
Unto all those His holy Name who fear ;
And Glory now descending from on high,
Shall dwell on earth, with man abiding here.

Mercy and truth each other kiss again,
And righteousness with peace is reconcil'd ;
Truth, springing from the earth, o'er all shall reign,
And righteousness on us from Heav'n hath smil'd.

Yea, GOD His heav'nly blessing shall bestow,
The water'd earth shall yield the increase meet ;
Behold, before Him righteousness shall go,
He bids us in His footsteps set our feet.

PSALM LXXXVI.

THINE ear, O LORD, to me incline,
For I am poor, in low estate ;
Preserve my soul, for I am Thine,
Save me, who on Thy mercy wait.

That mercy soon to me afford,
For daily unto Thee I cry ;
Comfort Thy servant's soul, O LORD,
I lift it up to Thee on high.

For Thou art good and gracious found,
Nor backward e'er to pardon all ;
Thou in compassion dost abound,
To those upon Thy Name who call.

Unto my pray'r, O LORD, give ear,
Attend unto my humble cry ;
To Thee I'll call, when grief is near,
For Thou wilt unto me reply.

None is among the gods like Thee,
No works with Thine for power can vie ;
To Thee the world shall bow the knee,
Thee man, Thy creature, glorify.

For Thou art great, and God alone,
Thy wonders all around appear ;
Teach me Thy way, Thy truth I'll own,
Unite my heart Thy Name to fear.

Thee will I praise with all my heart,
Yea, praise Thy Name for evermore ;
For Thou dost plenteous grace impart,
And dost my soul from hell restore.

They who of Thee profanely speak,
Now fiercely, LORD, against me rise ;
My downfall their assemblies seek,
They set not Thee before their eyes.

But Thou art, LORD, a GOD of grace,
Full of compassion ever found ;
Thou suff'rest long Thy guilty race,
Mercy and truth with Thee abound.

O turn unto me, as of old,
Thy mercy unto me extend ;
Thy servant with Thy strength uphold,
Thine handmaid's son, O LORD, defend.

Some sign to me of favour shew,
That it mine enemies may see ;
And to their own confusion know,
That Thou dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

HIS city, built for evermore,
God on the holy hills did found ;
And Zion's gates He loveth more
Than Jacob's dwellings all around.

Glorious, thou city of the LORD,
Are the things told abroad of thee ;
Number'd with those who know My word,
Shall Babylon and Rahab be.

Philistia there for seed is claim'd,
There Tyre is born, Arabia there ;
Mother of saints is Zion nam'd,
And GOD her bulwarks will prepare.

When GOD His people's names shall write,
And all the glorious band shall count,
He shall of every saint recite,
His birth-place was the holy mount.

There when their strain the singers raise,
Players on instruments shall be ;
And each shall own, with hymns of praise,
My springs, O Zion, are in Thee.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

GOD of salvation ! LORD, give heed,
Before Thee day and night I plead ;
O let my pray'r be heard on high,
Incline Thine ear unto my cry.

Full is my soul of grief and fear,
Yea, unto death 'tis drawing near ;
E'en now they count me with the dead,
I am as one whose strength is fled.

From the world freed, e'en as the slain
Forgotten in the grave remain,—
So, cast out from Thy gracious care,
Thy hand's support no more I share.

Me Thou hast into darkness cast,
In lowest depths hast bound me fast ;
Thine anger presseth on my soul,
And all Thy billows o'er me roll.

My friends from me Thou hast convey'd,
Yea, me hast their abhorrence made ;
Shut up in prison, all in vain,
I labour to come forth again.

By reason of my bitter woe,
Mine eye doth mourn, my tears o'erflow ;
To Thee I've daily brought my plea,
My hands I have stretch'd out to Thee.

LORD, can the dead Thy wonders see,
Shall the dead rise and worship Thee ?
Shall in the grave Thy grace be shewn,
Thy truth be in destruction known ?

Can Thy great wonders be display'd,
To those who are in darkness laid ?
Thy righteousness, on that dark shore
Where nothing is remember'd more ?

But Thou hast heard my earnest cry,
Upward at morn my pray'r shall fly :
Why castest Thou my soul aside,
Thy face why dost Thou from me hide ?

Ready to die, by sorrows worn,
I've from my youth affliction borne ;
Thy heavy wrath has o'er me gone,
By all Thy terrors, LORD, undone.

Those terrors I have daily found,
Like waves they compass'd me around ;
Lovers and friends have left me all,
And mine acquaintance from me fall.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THE loving-kindness of the LORD,
Shall still my song engage ;
My lips Thy faithfulness record
To every future age.

For I have said, Thy mercy sure
Shall stand for ever fast ;
And as the heav'ns on high endure,
Thy faithfulness shall last.

Thou said'st, " I've sworn to Mine elect,
To David I am bound ;
Thy seed I never will reject,
Thy throne for ever found."

The very heav'ns with praise, O LORD,
Thy wondrous works repeat ;
The saints Thy faithfulness record,
When they together meet.

For who, O LORD, in yonder sky,
Can be compar'd with Thee?
Who among men with GOD can vie,
Mighty soe'er he be?

The LORD is greatly to be fear'd,
Where saints assembled meet ;
With holy awe to be rever'd
By all around His seat.

LORD GOD of hosts angelic, who
Like unto Thee is found?
Who faithful is like Thee and true?
Thy truth is all around.

The raging sea Thou dost restrain,
And its wild waters chide :
Thou madest Egypt as one slain,
Thy foes are scatter'd wide.

Thine are the heav'ns ; the earth is Thine,
Its corner-stones were laid
By Thee, and by Thy pow'r divine
Was all its fulness made.

Thou, LORD, by Thy almighty voice
The north and south didst frame ;
Tabor and Hermon both rejoice
In Thy most holy Name.

Thou hast, O LORD, an arm of might,
Who shall its pow'r defy?
Strong is Thy hand, to save or smite,
And Thy right hand is high.

Justice and judgment are the stay
And pillar of Thy throne ;
Mercy and truth prepare Thy way,
And make Thy presence known.

Blest is the people, LORD, that know
And love Thy grace divine ;
On them, in all their walk below,
Thy face in light shall shine.

In Thee shall they rejoice all day,
Thy righteousness their praise ;
Thou art their glory and their stay,
Thou shalt our horn upraise.

Yea, if in safety now we dwell,
From Thee our strength doth spring,—
The Holy One of Israel,
Our safeguard and our King.

In vision to Thy holy seer
Thou some time didst ordain,
Help in one mighty shall appear,
One from the people reign.

My servant David have I found,
Mine oil have on him shed ;
My hand and arm shall shield him round,
By Me sustain'd and led.

No son of sin shall on him prey,
No foe his fall achieve ;
His foes before his face I'll slay,
Till all who hate him, grieve.

He, by My grace and truth shall stand,
His horn uprais'd shall be ;
I'll in the river set his hand,
His right hand in the sea.

Me for his Father shall he claim,
His GOD and Saviour call ;
And I will him My first-born name,
O'er earthly princes all.

To him My mercy shall be shewn,
My covenant be sure ;
His seed shall flourish, and his throne
As days in heav'n, endure.

But if his seed My law forsake,
And walk not in My way ;
If these My just commandments break,
And from My statutes stray :—

Then shall the rod avenge My law,
And stripes their sin restrain ;
Yet will I not My grace withdraw,
Nor make My promise vain.

My covenant in mind I'll bear,
Nor alter what I spake ;
Once by My holiness I swear,
" David I'll ne'er forsake."

His seed shall as the sun endure,
And as the moon his throne ;
E'en as in heav'n the witness sure,
A sign for ever known.

But now from Thine anointed, LORD,
Thou hast in anger turn'd ;
His covenant Thou hast abhorr'd,
His crown in dust is spurn'd.

His hedges Thou hast broken all,
His strongholds to the ground :
All that go by upon him fall,
A scorn to all around.

His foes Thou dost to triumph make,
And set up their right hand ;
Thou from his sword its edge dost take,
In fight he cannot stand.

His throne, O LORD, Thou hast laid low,
And vile his glory made ;
Shorten'd his youth through pain and woe,
And shame upon him laid.

Wilt Thou for ever turn away,
Nor wrath's fierce flame restrain ?
O think how fleeting is my day,
Has man been made in vain ?

What man shall not the grave behold ?
Who shall from death be freed ?
Where are Thy kindnesses of old,
To David once decreed ?

Remember, LORD, th' insulting blame,
Which all Thy servants share ;
What heathen taunts and bitter shame
I in my bosom bear.

They mock the footsteps, long delay'd,
Of Thine anointed king ;
Praise be to Thee for ever paid,
LORD, even so, we sing !

PSALM XC.

LORD, Thou of all the human race
Hast been the stay and dwelling-place :
Before the mountains had their birth,
Or ever Thou hadst made the earth ;
Thou, LORD, in nature as in name,
Art GOD, eternally the same.

Thou callest for life's fleeting breath,
And man surrenders it in death ;
" Return (Thou say'st) and yield your frame,
Unto the dust, from whence ye came."
A thousand years are in Thy sight,
A day gone by, a watch by night.

They pass, as with a flood away,
As sleep is gone at dawn of day ;
Like grass, which, in its beauty seen,
At morn is flourishing and green ;
But when the shades of evening fall,
Lo, 'tis cut down and wither'd all.

For in Thine anger we decay,
And in Thy wrath we pass away :

Thou, LORD, our secret sins dost place
Full in the light of Thy dread face ;
Our days beneath Thine anger fail,
Our years are fleeting as a tale.

Our days are threescore years and ten,
So number'd to the sons of men ;
And what if man, when counted strong,
His days to fourscore years prolong ;
Then is his strength but travail sore,
It passeth by, and soon is o'er.

Who can Thy wrath's dread issues know ?
Their character Thy terrors shew.
O teach us so to tell our days,
That we may walk in wisdom's ways.
Return : how long shall wrath remain ?
O may we taste Thy grace again !

Early with grace our hearts fulfil,
That we with joy may triumph still ;
For every year of trouble past,
Now make us joyful, LORD, at last ;
For every year we've evil known,
To us be loving-kindness shewn.

Thy work unto Thy servants shew,
Thy glory let their children know ;

And let Thy glorious majesty,
O LORD our GOD, upon us be :
Prosper the work before us now ;
Our handy-work, O prosper Thou !

PSALM XCI.

HE whom within His secret place
The highest GOD doth hide,
Beneath the shadow of His grace
Securely shall abide.

My refuge and my rock art Thou,
(I to the LORD will say,)
My Saviour whom I trust in now,
And still will make my stay.

Surely shall He be thy defence,
E'en from the fowler's snare ;
And from the noisome pestilence
Shall shield thee by His care.

O'er thee His feathers He shall spread :
Beneath His wings conceal'd,
Securely shalt thou lay thy head ;
His truth shall be thy shield.

No terrors shalt thou fear by night,
Nor arrows sent by day ;
No pests that in the darkness smite,
Or at the noontide slay.

A thousand at thy side shall fall,
Ten thousand at thy hand ;
But thou alone, amidst them all,
Shalt still securely stand.

Only shalt thou unhurt remain,
And with thine eyes behold
The wicked the reward obtain,
Decreed to them of old.

Because thou hast the LORD Most High
Thy habitation made,
To thee no evil shall come nigh,
No plagues thine house invade.

To thee His angels shall He send,
To keep thee in thy ways ;
Thee, lest a stone thy foot offend,
They in their arms shall raise.

Upon the lion thou shalt go,
And on the adder tread ;
The lion tread beneath thee low,
And crush the serpent's head.

Upon Me he hath set his love,
Him, therefore, I will own ;
And raise him up, his foes above,
For he My Name hath known.

He trustfully shall call on Me,
And I will still reply ;
With him in trouble I will be,
And set him up on high.

With length of days, My face before,
Will I his wishes crown ;
And to his soul shall evermore
Be My salvation shewn.

PSALM XCII.

'Tis good unto the LORD to sing,
And magnify His Name ;
At morn to praise our heav'nly king,
At night His truth proclaim.

On ten-string'd instruments to tell
His loving-kindness sweet ;
And on the harp with solemn swell,
His praises to repeat.

For through Thy work hast Thou, O LORD,
Thy servant joyous made ;
And I with triumph will record
Thy works around display'd.

How do Thy works in might excel,
Thy thoughts are deep indeed ;
But this the brutish cannot tell,
Nor will a fool give heed.

When as the grass the wicked spring,
And flourish in their pride ;
Soon shalt Thou them to ruin bring,
But Thou Most High abide.

For lo ! Thy foes, O LORD, Thy foes
Shall all before Thee fall ;
Who Thee deceitfully oppose,
Thou shalt destroy them all.

But like the unicorn's shalt Thou
Mine horn above them place,
And with fresh oil anoint me now,
In token of Thy grace.

Mine eye, too, my desire shall see
On those who me oppress ;
Mine ear shall hear the just decree
On all who now transgress.

The just shall like a palm-tree grow,
Or cedar on the hill ;
Set in Jehovah's courts below,
There shall they flourish still.

Forth shall they fruit abundant bring,
E'en in their latest days ;
They shall be fat and flourishing,
And shew their Maker's praise :

E'en show that GOD our strength is just,
With truth and judgment crown'd ;
He is my rock, in Him I trust,
No wrong in Him is found.

PSALM XCIII.

THE LORD is King, with glory crown'd,
The LORD with strength is girded round ;
The LORD hath made the world so sure,
That still unmov'd it doth endure :
Of old establish'd is Thy throne,
Thou the eternal GOD alone.

The floods are swelling more and more,
Wild are the waves, and dread their roar ;

The mightiest to their rush give way,
Yet GOD is mightier far than they :
Thy word is sure, Thy holy home
Nought doth but holiness become.

PSALM XCIV.

THOU to Whom vengeance doth belong,
Thou, Whose is vengeance, LORD, arise ;
Judge of the earth, behold our wrong,
Reward Thou all who Thee despise.

How long shall sinners hold their pride,
And triumph be upon their host ?
How long shall they Thy saints deride,
And all the evil-doers boast ?

Ruthless, they make Thy saints their prey,
And all Thine heritage oppress ;
The widow and the stranger slay,
And put to death the fatherless.

Yet, say they, " shall the LORD discern,
Or us the GOD of Jacob heed ;"
At length, ye brutish, wisdom learn,
Yea, O ye fools, be wise indeed.

Who form'd the ear, shall He not hear?
Who made the eye, shall He not see?
Whose vengeance e'en the heathen fear,
Shall He of sin regardless be?

Shall He not know, by Whom alone
Wisdom and knowledge we attain?
To Him man's very thoughts are known,
He seeth that they are but vain.

He whom Thou chast'nest, LORD, is blest,
Thus to be patient man is taught;
Thus have Thy troubled people rest,
Till sinners to their pit be brought.

For GOD His people will not fail,
Nor from His heritage depart,
Till righteousness again prevail,
And judgment crown the true in heart.

Who will for me against them stand,
My cause against the wicked own?
Had not the LORD upheld my hand,
My soul in silence had gone down.

But, "my foot slippeth," when I cried,
Thou didst uphold me, gracious Lord;
When grief came o'er me like a tide,
Thy comforts then my soul restor'd.

Shall falsehood's throne be leagued with Thee,
Which mischief by a law doth frame ?
Lo, they against Thy saints agree,
And e'en the guiltless blood condemn.

But Thou, O LORD, art my defence,
GOD is my rock and surest stay ;
Our GOD their sin shall recompense,
Them in their malice He shall slay.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, GOD's praises let us sing,
Salvation's strength with joy confess ;
Thanksgivings to His presence bring,
And joy in Him with psalms express.

For a great GOD, all gods before,
Is He, Jehovah, Whom we own ;
And a great King, all nations o'er,
Is He Whom we adore alone.

The earth's strong corner-stones He laid,
The mightiest hills are in His hand ;
The sea is His, its depths He made,
His hands establish'd the dry land.

O worship Him and bow thè knee,
Before the LORD our Maker fall ;
He is our GOD, His people we,
Sheep of His hand and pasture, all.

To-day My voice, saith GOD, obey,
Nor let your hearts against My word
Be harden'd, as on Massah's day,
When Me to wrath your fathers stirr'd.

Me there their provocation mov'd,
When in the desert they rebell'd ;
There, tempting Me, My pow'r they prov'd,
And all My mighty works beheld.

Griev'd was I with them day by day,
For forty years an evil seed ;
Still in their hearts they went astray,
Nor to My precepts would give heed.

In wrath I swear unto them all,
Since thus My statutes they transgress'd ;
That in the desert they should fall,
And never come unto My rest.

PSALM XCVI.

SING a new song unto the LORD,
Sing gladly, all the earth ;
And daily be His Name ador'd,
His saving health set forth !
Amidst the isles His Name make known,
His works on every shore :
The LORD is to be prais'd alone,
And fear'd, all gods before.

Vain are the gods and things of nought,
Of whom the heathen boast ;
But 'tis the LORD, Whose fingers wrought
Yon heav'ns and all their host :
Worship and glory fill His shrine,
Strength is around His seat ;
Give to the LORD, give praise divine,
Ye tribes, and honour meet.

Give honour due unto His Name,
Bring presents and come near ;
With holy beauty ('tis His claim)
Let earth before Him fear :

Tell ye the Isles,—The LORD doth reign,
He the round world hath made,
So sure that it doth still remain ;
He comes to be obey'd.

Let heav'n be glad, and earth and sea
Join their exulting voice ;
Let the field sing, yea, every tree
Before the LORD rejoice :
Before the LORD, Who cometh down,
And doth to judgment call ;
With righteousness the world to crown,
With truth to govern all.

PSALM XCVII.

LET earth rejoice, the LORD is King,
Yea let the Isles together sing ;
Darkness and clouds are round Him roll'd,
Judgment and truth His throne uphold.

Forth doth a fire before Him go,
Its flames consuming every foe ;
His lightnings to the world gave shine,
Earth trembling own'd the hand divine.

The hills like wax before Him fall,
And melt before the LORD of all ;
The heav'ns proclaim His just decree,
His glory all the people see.

Shame and confusion shall they know,
To carved images who bow,
And idols vain for help implore :
O all ye gods, the LORD adore !

Zion with joy Thy judgments heard,
And Judah's daughters praise the word ;
For Thou art King on 'every shore,
Exalted far all gods before.

O ye that love the LORD give heed,
See that ye hate the evil deed ;
By Him your souls shall rescued be,
And from the tyrant's hand set free.

Light for the righteous hath been sown,
Gladness the true in heart shall crown ;
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD,
With thanks His holiness record !

PSALM XCVIII.

SING a new song unto the LORD,
For He hath wonders wrought ;
Us hath His own right hand restor'd,
His arm for us hath fought !

The LORD hath by His arm of might
Made His salvation known ;
And in the boastful heathen's sight,
His righteousness hath shewn.

He hath upon His mercy thought,
To Isra'l sworn of old ;
And His salvation, for us wrought,
The ends of earth behold.

Unto the LORD let all the earth
The sounds of gladness raise ;
Make a loud noise with holy mirth,
Rejoice, and give Him praise.

Unto the LORD with praises sing,
With harp and psalms rejoice ;
With trumpets greet the LORD the King,
And with the cornet's voice.

Let the streams clap their hands, the sea
With all its fulness roar ;
Joyful the hills together be,
And the whole world adore :—

The LORD adore Who cometh down,
And doth to judgment call ;
With righteousness the world to crown,
With truth to govern all.

PSALM XCIX.

THE LORD doth reign, the LORD alone,
Ye nations fear Him now ;
Between the cherubim His throne,—
Let earth before Him bow.

Mighty in Zion is the LORD,
And high, all people o'er ;
O be His fearful Name ador'd,
Holy for evermore.

The King's strength loveth judgment true,
Thou shalt establish right ;
And execute the sentence due,
In Jacob by Thy might.

Exalt the LORD, ye people all,
The GOD Whom we adore ;
And at His footstool on Him call,
Holy for evermore !

Moses and Aaron, chiefs ordain'd,
And Samuel His saint ;
These humbly to the LORD complain'd,
He answer'd their complaint.

He from the cloudy pillar spake,
And gave unto them heed ;
His ordinance they never brake,
But kept what He decreed.

Thou heardest them, O LORD our GOD,
When Thou wouldst vengeance take ;
Thou didst withdraw th' avenging rod,
Forgiving, for their sake.

Exalt the LORD, ye people all,
The GOD Whom we adore ;
At Zion humbly on Him call,
Holy for evermore !

PSALM C.

O BE ye joyful in the LORD,
All lands, with gladness hear His word ;
With joy into His presence throng,
And come before Him with a song.

Be sure the LORD is GOD alone,
His hands have made us, not our own ;
The people we, whom He doth lead,
The sheep, that in His pasture feed.

O go your way with praises in,
Praise Him, ye saints, His courts within :
With thankfulness His deeds proclaim,
And speak good of His holy Name.

For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His endless mercy firm hath stood ;
His holy truth, for ever sure,
Throughout all ages shall endure !

PSALM CI.

OF judgment and of grace I'll sing,
E'en unto Thee, my GOD and King ;
Thy perfect way my course shall be,
When wilt Thou come to dwell with me ?

My house I'll rule with perfect heart,
And from all sin will walk apart ;
The work of those, Thy ways who leave,
I hate : to me it shall not cleave.

The froward heart from me shall go,
The wicked man I will not know ;
Him, too, will I cut off with shame,
Who darkly wounds his neighbour's name.

The proud in heart and high in look,
I will not suffer, but rebuke ;
Upon the just mine eyes shall be,
That only they may dwell with me.

Me shall he serve from day to day,
Who keeps the pure and perfect way ;
My house no liar shall contain,
Not one shall in my sight remain.

All the ungodly in the land,
Shall quickly fall beneath my hand ;
That no ill-deeds nor secret guile,
The city of the LORD defile.

PSALM CII.

LORD, hear my pray'r. my crying heed,
Incline Thine ear, and hear ;
Hide not Thy face, but help with speed,
For trouble now is near.

My bones are like a fire-brand spent,
My years like smoke have fled ;
My heart, like wither'd grass is bent,
So that I loathe my bread.

My bones, so bitterly I groan,
E'en through my skin I see ;
The pelican, in deserts lone,
Or bittern is like me.

So is the sparrow, that all night
Doth on the house-top mourn ;
To mock me still my foes delight,
Against me they are sworn.

Therefore have ashes been my bread,
No drink but tears I've known ;
For Thou Thy wrath hast on me shed,
Hast rais'd and cast me down.

Shadow-like, LORD, my days depart,
I fade like wither'd grass ;
But Thou, my GOD, for ever art,
Nor shall Thy mem'ry pass.

Thou for Thy Zion shalt arise,
Now 'tis the season set ;
Her stones Thy servants fondly prize,
Her dust they ne'er forget.

So shall Thy Name the heathen fear,
And Thee all kings adore :
For Thou in glory shalt appear,
Thy Zion to restore.

Thou shalt not turn from such as mourn,
But their petitions heed ;
This, too, the people yet unborn
Shall with thanksgivings read.

GOD doth from heav'n all creatures see ;
He looketh from on high
The captive's groans to hear, and free
Such as are doom'd to die.

My strength He weaken'd in the way,
Nor did my days extend :
I said, LORD, spare me through my day,
Thy years shall never end.

Thou didst of old by pow'r divine,
The world's foundations lay :
The heav'ns, O LORD, are only Thine,
Thy handy-work are they.

Thou shalt endure when they wax old,
And as a garment waste ;
Them like a vesture Thou shalt fold,
And they shall be replac'd.

But Thou the same shalt ever reign,
And still Thy years endure ;
While to Thy servants shall remain
A seed for ever sure.

PSALM CIII.

My soul, and all within my frame,
Praise GOD, and bless His holy Name ;
Bless, O my soul, the LORD of all,
And all His benefits recall !

His mercy doth thy sins conceal,
And all thy weaknesses doth heal ;
Saveth thy life from going down,
And doth thy days with goodness crown.

He with good things doth fill thy mouth,
And eagle-like, renew thy youth ;
Right judgment He to all shall deal,
The tyrant's cruelty who feel.

To Moses He made known His grace,
His works unto His chosen race ;
Mercy and grace from Him o'erflow,
Plenteous in love, to anger slow.

For lo, He will not always chide,
Nor always shall His wrath abide ;
Not as we merit hath He done,
Nor paid us what our folly won.

For look from earth to yonder sky,
His mercy towards us is as high ;
He hath remov'd our sins as far
As setting sun from morning star.

He pitieth all, His word who fear,
No father so his children dear ;
Mindful that we of dust are made,
As fleeting as a passing shade.

E'en as the grass is man's brief time,
Like a field-flow'r his little prime ;
Gone, with the wind that passeth o'er,
And in its place 'tis found no more.

But the LORD's mercy on His seed
Is from eternity decreed ;
And shall for evermore endure,
His truth, to children's children sure.

To them who give attentive heed
To keep His covenant indeed,
And think on Him with purpose true,
As they have sworn, His will to do.

The LORD is King and GOD alone,
In heaven hath He prepar'd His throne ;
Before Him shall all people fall,
His kingdom ruleth over all.

O ye His angels, bless the LORD,
Ye that fulfil your Maker's word ;
Ye that in strength and pow'r excel,
And hear His voice, and near Him dwell !

Praise Him, ye hosts, the heav'ns that fill,
His ministers that do His will ;
Praise Him throughout His vast controul,
All ye His works, and thou, my soul !

PSALM CIV.

BLESS, O my soul, the living LORD !

O LORD my GOD, enthron'd on high,—
How great art Thou, by all ador'd,
With honour cloth'd and majesty.

As with a garment Thou with light
Thyself arrayest, round Thee shed ;
And like a curtain, by Thy might,
The heav'ns hast Thou, O LORD, outspread.

Thou dost on beams Thy chambers lay,
Midst the dark waters of the sky ;
The clouds, Thy chariot, Thee obey,
Thou on the wind's wide wings dost fly.

Thine angels Thou hast spirits made,
Thy ministers the wingèd flame ;
The earth's foundations Thou hast laid,
That it should still abide the same.

As with a garment 'twas o'erspread,
When seas above the mountains stood ;
At Thy rebuke again they fled,
Thy thunders quell'd the mighty flood.

Up by the mountains did it go,
Down in the vales, as Thou didst bid ;
Beyond its bounds it may not flow,
Nor shall the earth again be hid.

GOD maketh streams through valleys wind,
Amidst the hills their course they take ;
The forest-beasts the waters find,
Their thirst, too, the wild-asses slake.

There 'tis the birds their nests prepare,
And midst the spreading branches sing ;
The earth is water'd by His care,
And by His pow'r the fruit-trees spring.

All food He bringeth from the soil,
The blade for beasts, for man the grain ;
Heart-cheering wine, and gladd'ning oil,
And bread, man's spirit to sustain.

The cedars, planted by the LORD,
On Lebanon, with sap are fill'd ;
Which shelter to the birds afford,—
The storks upon the fir-trees build.

Safe on the rocks the conies dwell,
The wild goats on the highest hills ;
He set the moon the times to tell,—
The sun his daily course fulfils.

Thou biddest night succeed the day,
Then move the wild beasts of the wood :
The lions roar in quest of prey,
From Thee, O LORD, they seek their food.

The sun doth rise, away they get,
Their dens again the beasts receive ;
While, to his toil and labour set,
Man goeth forth until the eve.

How are thy works around display'd,
O LORD, Thy wonders manifold ;
In wisdom have they all been made,
Thy riches are on earth unroll'd !

So, too, amidst the mighty deep,
Wherein are creatures numberless,—
Cleaving the waters,—things that creep,—
Beasts, small and great, the deep possess.

There go the ships from sea to sea,
And there Leviathan doth dwell ;
Made by Thy law to sport with glee
Amidst the billows as they swell.

These all upon Thee wait, O LORD,
In season due receiving food :
They gather what Thou dost afford,
And from Thy hand are fill'd with good.

Thy face Thou hidest and they mourn,
They die if Thou recall'st their breath ;
Thy spirit biddeth life return,
And so the earth replenisheth.

Thy glory, LORD, shall never fail,
Thou shalt Thy works rejoicing see ;
The earth beneath Thy look shall quail,
The mountains smoke if touch'd by Thee.

Still while I live I'll sing to Thee,
And bless my GOD through all my days ;
Sweet shall my meditation be,
And I His Name will gladly praise.

Let sinners be consum'd away,
Nor let their seed the earth possess ;
Bless GOD, my soul, from day to day,
The LORD, all ye His people bless !

PSALM CV.

GIVE thanks to GOD, and on Him call,
Make known His mighty deeds to all ;
Sing unto Him, His praises swell,
Of all His works and wonders tell ;
With triumph be His Name ador'd,
Let them rejoice that seek the LORD.

O seek Him and His strength'ning grace,
Yea, seek ye evermore His face ;
His wonders and His judgments all,
Ye sons of Abraham, recall :
And ye, His chosen, Jacob's seed,
The words that from His lips proceed !

He is the LORD, our GOD alone,
His judgments in the earth are known ;
His oath He hath remember'd, sworn
To generations yet unborn.
The oath to Abraham reveal'd,
The covenant with Isaac seal'd ;
And for a law to Jacob pass'd,
A statute that should ever last !
Saying, to thee o'er Canaan all
Thy lot and heritage shall fall.

They yet were but a little band,
Yea, few, and strangers in the land ;
Pilgrims from place to place they went,
From one unto another sent ;
He suffer'd none their wealth to take,
But kings were humbled for their sake :
“ From Mine anointed ones forbear,
My prophets touch not, but beware !”

For famine on the land He spake,
And the whole staff of bread He brake ;
But sent before them one to save,
E'en Joseph, sold to be a slave ;
His feet with fetters sharp they bound,
He lay in iron on the ground.
Until at length his cause was heard,
Patient, he prov'd Jehovah's word ;
The king to loose him did decree,
Yea, the king sent to set him free ;
He made him ruler o'er them all,
And him, their lord, he bade them call ;
To bind their princes at his will,
And wisdom into them instil.

Israel, too, to Egypt came,
And sojourn'd in the land of Ham ;
God there increas'd the seed He chose,
Till they were stronger than their foes ;
Whose heart was turn'd, their race to hate,
And bring them down to low estate.

Moses He sent, His servant meek,
And Aaron chose, His word to speak ;
With tokens they amidst them came,
And wonders in the land of Ham.

He sent, and darkness on them fell,
Yet they against Him did rebel ;
He turn'd their waters into blood,
And gave their fish a poison'd flood ;
Frogs, too, all Egypt forth did bring,
E'en in the chambers of the king.
He bade besides, all kinds of flies,
And lice in all their coasts arise ;
He sent them hailstones for their rain,
And flames to scorch the fruitful plain :
Their vines and fig-trees He did smite,
Yea, every tree, with pois'nous blight ;
His word did countless locusts send,
And caterpillars without end,
Which ate the herbage all around,
And all the produce of the ground.
The first-born He in Egypt smote,
Of all their strength the chief of note ;
But Israel, for whom He wrought,
Forth He, with gold and silver, brought !
Amidst their tribes was nought unsound,
No, not one feeble person found ;
Egypt was glad they should depart,
For Isra'l's fear was on their heart.

A cloud to shield them He outspread,
And light by night upon them shed ;
At their desire He quails supplied,
And He did bread from heav'n provide ;
The rock, too, for their thirst He clave,
And waters in the desert gave.

For He in mind His promise bore,
And Abraham, His friend of yore ;
Forth He with joy His people brought,
With gladness those whom He had bought ;
He gave them all the heathen lands,
They took the labour of their hands ;
That there they might observe His word,
And keep His laws. O praise the LORD !

PSALM CVI.

PRAISE GOD, whose goodness still is sure,
Whose mercy ever doth endure.
Who can His mighty acts record,
Or tell the goodness of the LORD ?
Blessed are they who keep His way,
And at all times His word obey.

With favour, LORD, remember me,
O let me Thy salvation see ;

That with Thy chosen I may share
The bliss Thou dost for them prepare :
In Isra'l's praises join my voice,
And with Thine heritage rejoice.

LORD, we are guilty, every one,
Like those before, we've evil done ;
Our fathers ne'er in Egypt thought
On all Thy wonders for them wrought :
Thy goodness ne'er to heart they laid,
But at the Red Sea disobey'd.

He sav'd them there, for His Name's sake,
Plain to the world His pow'r to make ;
The Red Sea also He did chide,
And at His bidding it was dried ;
Safe through its depths the tribes He led,
As in the wild their hosts He fed.

He to deliver them arose,
And sav'd them from their cruel foes ;
On Pharaoh's hosts the waters fell,
Not one was left the tale to tell !
Then to His word they credence gave,
And own'd with praise His pow'r to save.

But soon His wonders they forgot,
And for His counsel waited not,

They in the wilderness did lust,
And tempted GOD by their distrust ;
He gave them freely what they sought,
But leanness on their souls He brought.

At Moses was their envy mov'd,
And Aaron of the LORD approv'd ;
The earth for Dathan open'd wide,
And all Abiram's host did hide ;
A fire amidst their armies spread,
The flames upon the wicked fed.

A calf in Horeb, too, they made,
And worship to the Image paid :
Thus Isra'l's glory, to their shame,
The likeness of a calf became.
On GOD their Saviour ne'er they thought,
What wonders He in Egypt wrought,—
Signs in the land of Ham, of yore,
And terrors by the Red Sea's shore.

GOD's anger then had not been stay'd,
Had not His chosen Moses pray'd ;
E'en in the breach he stood that day,
And turn'd the threaten'd wrath away.

The tribes, with scorn, of Canaan heard,
And gave no credence to the word ;

They murmur'd in their tents again,
And all GOD's warnings were in vain :
Against them then He rais'd His hand,
To slay them in the desert-land ;
And sent their children far astray,
Amidst the heathen, cast away.

With Baal-peor, too, they sate,
And idol-sacrifices ate ;
Thus did their lusts the LORD provoke,
And the plague forth upon them broke :
Then Phinehas rose, the guilty slew,
And stay'd GOD's wrath, by judgment due ;
And GOD to him and to his seed
For righteousness did count his deed :
At Meribah, His wrath they mov'd,
And Moses was for them reprov'd, -
For they his spirit did provoke,
And rashly with his lips he spoke.

Neither did they the heathen slay,
Nor GOD's commands to them obey ;
Of heathen off'rings they partook,
And learn'd their works, and GOD forsook ;
Turning aside with those they spar'd,
And by their idols still ensnar'd !

Their sons and daughters thus they smote,
And them to devils did devote ;
Around them guiltless blood they shed,
Yea, their own sons and daughters bled,
To Canaan's idols victims slain,
And blood did all the land profane ;
So by their works were they defil'd,
To foul unfaithfulness beguil'd.

Stirr'd then against them was the LORD,
And His inheritance abhorr'd ;
He left them to the heathen's sway,
And made them to their foes a prey ;
Their enemies against them fought,
And GOD's own race to bondage brought.
Oft did He turn, and give them heed,
Oft from their foes His people freed,
Yet still they anger'd Him again
And for their wickedness were slain.
Yet to their cry His ear He lent,
And of His anger did repent ;
His covenant remember'd yet,
Nor did His tenderness forget ;
And those, who them as bondsmen took,
He made with pity on them look.

Save us, O LORD, our heav'nly King,
And from among the heathen bring ;
With thanks to bless Thy Holy Name,
Thy praise with triumph to proclaim !

From everlasting may the LORD
To everlasting be ador'd ;
And let the earth united own
The GOD of Israel alone !

PSALM CVII.

GIVE thanks unto the LORD above,
His goodness still is sure ;
His tender mercy and His love
For ever shall endure !
Let the redeem'd give thanks, whom forth
From bondage He hath bought ;
And from all lands, the south and north,
The east and west, hath brought !

They wander'd lonely in the wild,
Nor found wherein to dwell ;
Hungry and thirsty, on they toil'd,
Their soul within them fell :

To GOD they call'd with troubled mind,
His mercy then He shew'd ;
And led them right, that they should find
A city and abode.

O that the goodness of the LORD
Men would with praises own,
And all His wondrous deeds record,
To us-ward ever shewn !
The thirsty soul, with streams supplied,
He satisfieth still ;
Doth for the hungry soul provide,
And it with goodness fill.

Such as beneath death's shadow lie,
With darkness all around,
With grief consum'd and misery,
In iron chains fast bound ;
Because Jehovah to defy
They wickedly had thought,
Lightly regarding the Most High,
Setting His word at nought. ¶

He also brought their spirit down
With grief unto the grave,
Yea, utterly were they o'erthrown,
And there was none to save ;

The LORD in trouble then they sought,
He sav'd them from their yoke ;
From darkness and death's shadow brought,
Their bonds asunder broke.

O that the goodness of the LORD
Men would with praises own,
And all His wondrous deeds record,
To us-ward ever shewn :
For He the brazen gates doth blast,
Upon the captives shut ;
The iron bars that bind them fast,
He doth asunder cut !

The foolish, for the sin they choose,
Are plagu'd by His decree ;
Their very soul doth food refuse,
The gates of death they see :
Then they unto the LORD complain ;
He saveth them in need ;
He sent His word and heal'd their pain,
And them from death He freed.

O that the goodness of the LORD
Men would with praises own ;
And all His wondrous deeds record,
To us-ward ever shewn !

That they the sacrifice would bring
Of thankfulness and praise ;
And would with joy and triumph sing
Of all His works and ways !

Who to the sea in ships go down,
And in great waters trade,
These have His works and wonders known,
Upon the deep display'd ;
For at His word, His mighty word,
The stormy wind doth rise ;
The waters from beneath are stirr'd,
And swell unto the skies.

Up to the skies the ship is sent,
Down to the depths they go ;
Their soul doth melt, their strength is spent,
Because of all their woe :
They stagger like a drunken man,
And to and fro they reel,
And vainly their deliv'rance plan,
And vain is all their skill.

In trouble to the LORD they cry,
From fear He sets them free ;
Calm does He make the stormy sky,
And still the raging sea :

Then are they glad, and courage take,
To see the storm retire ;
Lo, them He bringeth, till they make
The haven they desire.

O that the goodness of the LORD
Men would with praises own ;
And all His wondrous deeds record
To us-ward ever shewn !
That they His glory, too, would raise
Where all the people meet,
In the assembly speak His praise,
And in the elders' seat !

He turneth rivers to a wild,
And waters to dry ground ;
A desert is the land that smil'd,
For sin therein was found ;
The wild is made a springing well,
With springs the desert fill'd ;
There maketh He the hungry dwell,
And there their cities build.

Vineyards they plant, and fields they sow,
To yield the fruits of peace ;
Blest by the LORD, their numbers grow,
Nor shall their herds decrease ;

But if they sin against the LORD,
Again they waste away ;
Contempt is on their princes pour'd,
And in the wild they stray.

Yet doth He the afflicted raise,
Like flocks they still increase ;
The just shall see it and give praise,
Their boasts the wicked cease.
Whoso is wise these things will turn
And still will ponder o'er ;
And he Jehovah's love shall learn,
And goodness more and more.

PSALM CVIII.

O GOD, my heart is fully bent,
A ready heart I bring ;
And praises shall my lips present,
And my best member sing !

Awake, my glory, and awake
The harp, the psaltr'y swell ;
And I myself, ere morning break,
Thy praise will early tell !

From me before the nations nigh
Shall thanks to Thee arise ;
Whose mercy more than heav'n is high,
Whose truth than yonder skies.

Set up Thyself the heav'ns above,
On earth be Thou obey'd ;
LORD, for the people of Thy love,
Grant me Thy present aid.

GOD by His holy prophet spoke,
His promise I will hail ;
And Sichem bring beneath my yoke,
And mete out Succoth's vale.

Gilead is mine, Manasses mine,
Ephraim is my hold ;
Judah, the sceptre of my line,
My law-giver foretold.

Moab's my wash-pot, and my shoe
O'er Edom I cast out ;
Thee, O Philistia ! I subdue,—
O'er thee in triumph shout.

Who me into their city strong,
To Edom, who will lead ?
LORD wilt not Thou, though anger'd long,
Nor with our hosts proceed ?

Help us, Almighty, in our woe,—
Man's help is vain, we own ;
Through God we valiantly shall do !
Our foes shall He tread down.

PSALM CIX.

GOD of my praise, hold not Thy peace !
For, lo, the wicked do not cease ;
Their mouth they open for my shame,
With lying lips revile my name,
With words of hatred round me close,
All unprovok'd, to be my foes ;
My love for them they still requite
With deeds of malice and despite ;
All that can thwart me they prepare,
The while I give myself to pray'r ;
My good with evil, day by day,
My love with hatred they repay.

LORD, let him feel a foe's command,
And Satan be at his right hand !
Let him not in the judgment win,
Turn Thou his very pray'r to sin ;
Shorten his days, his house forsake.
His office let another take.

As orphans let his children flee,
And let his wife a widow be ;
His children, homeless, beg their bread,
Toiling in wretchedness and dread ;
The spoiler all his goods obtain,
The stranger bring to nought his gain ;
Let none have pity on his woe,
Nor favour to his orphans shew.
Cut off for ever be his race,
Let the next age his name efface ;
His father's sin upon him fall,
His mother's guilt let GOD recall.
Uncancell'd let the record stand,
And his name perish from the land :
Because he ne'er on mercy thought,
But still the poor with malice sought ;
The poor and needy made his prey,
The broken-hearted sought to slay ;
He lov'd to curse, and curs'd shall be,
None did he bless, unblest'd is he ;
With cursing did his lips abound,
And as a vest it wrapp'd him round.
Let it like oil his bones imbue,
Like water, spread his vessels through :
Yea, let it clothe him as his vest,
Or be the girdle round him press'd.

Thus shall the LORD the foes requite
Who vex my soul with their despite.

But Thou, O GOD the LORD, awake,
Do Thou for me, for Thy Name's sake !
Sweet is Thy mercy, great my need,
My heart, too, doth within me bleed ;
I'm like a shadow that has pass'd,
Or locust, driven before the blast.
Feeble through fasting are my knees,
My flesh is wasted by disease ;
Their heads all they who see me, shake,
And me their scorn and mock'ry make.

Help me, O LORD, and from the grave
My soul, of Thy free mercy, save ;
And all, [when they Thy hand perceive,]
That Thou hast done it will believe :
Still, when they curse, O bless me Thou ;
When they with shame would make me bow,
Upon them, LORD, confusion bring,
But let me glad thanksgivings sing.
May shame for ever veil their head,
E'en as a mantle, o'er them spread.
My lips, O LORD, shall Thy great Name
Amidst the multitude proclaim !

For Thou wilt by Thy servant stand,
And shew Thyself at my right hand ;
And all their malice shalt controul,
Who falsely would condemn my soul !

PSALM CX.

UNTO my Lord Jehovah said,
At My right hand sit Thou !
On all Thy foes Thou soon shalt tread,
Before Thee made to bow.

The LORD shall out of Zion send
Thy rod of empire strong ;
Rule Thou, in glory without end,
Thine enemies among.

The people in Thy day shall come,
With pray'r and off'rings free ;
More than the dews from morning's womb,
Thy progeny shall be.

The LORD hath sworn a solemn vow,
Nor from it shall depart :
Like to Melchizedek art Thou,—
A Priest for ever art.

LORD, in His day of wrath, the Lord,
Sitting at Thy right hand,
Shall smite with His avenging sword
The kings who Him withstand.

As judge He doth the heathen slay,
With slain the ground He strews ;
And He the head of him whose sway
Rules all the earth, shall bruise.

Bitter the streams life's way along,
With which His cup is fed ;
But therefore, all His foes among,
Shall He lift up His head.

PSALM CXI.

I WILL give thanks with all my heart,
Where saints in secret meet ;
And in th' assembly take my part,
God's praises to repeat !

The works of GOD are great around,
Beneath us and above ;
By all who seek shall they be found,
By all who seek in love !

Glory and honour, O Most High,
Upon Thy work attend ;
Thy righteousness, to us made nigh,
Shall never have an end !

GOD the remembrance hath decreed
Of all His wonders wrought ;
Full of compassion, in our need
He ne'er in vain is sought.

Meat hath He given unto all
His holy Name who fear ;
And will to mind His covenant call,
When we to Him draw near.

He to His people hath reveal'd
The works of His right hand ;
And made the boasting heathen yield
To them their promis'd land.

His works in verity are done,
All His commandments sure ;
Faithful His judgments, every one,
And ever to endure.

He sent redemption to His seed,
Unchangeably the same ;
His covenant He hath decreed,
Holy is His dread Name !

To fear the LORD is to begin
The walk in wisdom's ways ;
Well-learn'd are they who flee from sin,
Eternal is His praise !

PSALM CXII.

BLEST, who the LORD with awe doth heed,
And in His statutes hath delight ;
Mighty on earth shall be his seed,
Blest are all they whose hearts are right.

Plenty and wealth his home shall mark,
His righteousness shall ne'er decay ;
Light dawns on him, when all is dark,
Love, truth, and mercy point his way.

Still doth he lend and bounteous prove,
Yet his affairs doth judgment guide ;
No shock his blessings will remove,
His Name shall evermore abide.

No evil tidings doth he fear,
His heart is fix'd,—faith doth not fail ;
Sure is his heart, though foes draw near,
That he shall o'er them all prevail.

He hath dispers'd unto the poor,
Nor hath the needy man repell'd ;
His righteousness shall still endure,
His horn with honour be upheld.

The wicked shall behold and grieve,
Gnash with their teeth, and melt away ;
Its hopes and wishes will deceive
Each heart that doth from wisdom stray.

PSALM CXIII.

PRAISE, O ye servants of the LORD,
Praise ye His Name on every shore ;
O be His holy Name ador'd,
From this time forth, for evermore !

From where the sun ascends the sky,
To where he sets, His Name is prais'd ;
The LORD is o'er all nations high,
And o'er the heav'ns His glory rais'd.

Whom with the LORD shall man compare ?
Our GOD, Who hath on high His throne ?
Yet humbleth He Himself, to care
For what in heaven and earth is done.

The poor He raiseth from the ground,
And from the dunghill such as need ;
That they with princes may be crown'd,—
The princes of His chosen seed.

LORD, by Thy providence we see
Children make glad the joyless home ;
The barren woman, bless'd by Thee,
A joyful mother is become !

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Isra'l was from Egypt freed,
From a strange people Jacob's race ;
The LORD's domain was Abraham's seed,
And Judah was His dwelling-place.

Before Him fled the conscious deep,
Backward was driven Jordan's stream ;
The mountains too, like rams, did leap,
The hills like lambs disporting, seem.

What ail'd thee to withdraw, thou deep ?
And Jordan, to turn back thy stream ?
Ye mountains, thus like rams to leap ?
Ye hills, like sportive lambs to seem ?

Thou, earth, before Jehovah fear,
Fear the LORD GOD of Israel,
Who turn'd the rock to waters clear,
The flint-stone to a springing well !

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us the glory, LORD,
None to ourselves we take !
Praise to Thy Name and righteous Word,
Praise for Thy mercy's sake !

LORD, wherefore do the heathen boast,
Where is their GOD ? Thou still
Art in the heav'ns, and all things dost
According to Thy will.

Silver their idols are and gold,
Man's work, the gods they seek ;
Which cannot with their eyes behold,
Nor with their mouths can speak.

Noses they have, yet smell not they,
Ears, but they hear no call ;
Hands have they, but no hold can lay,
Nor move their feet at all.

They through their throat can never speak ;
Who make them, are as blind :
Yea, so are all as vain and weak,
Their help who think to find.

But do thou make the LORD alone,
O Israel, thy stay ;
He is a safeguard to His own,
A help in trouble's day.

O house of Aaron, on the LORD
Thy hold for ever lay ;
For safety He doth still afford,
And help in trouble's day.

O ye the living GOD who fear,
Make Him your only stay ;
For He unto His own is near,
Their help in trouble's day.

Us hath the LORD remember'd well,
And will our claim confess ;
And bless the house of Israel,
The house of Aaron bless !

Them shall He bless, both great and small,
Who fear the LORD indeed ;
Yea, He will let His blessing fall
On you and on your seed !

Ye of the LORD are bless'd, whose word
Created earth and heav'n ;
All the whole heav'ns are for the LORD,—
The earth to man is giv'n.

His praise the dead can ne'er proclaim,
In silence who decay ;
But we will ever bless His Name,
And Alleluia say !

PSALM CXVI.

I AM well-pleas'd, for GOD on high
Hath bow'd His ear, and heard my cry ;
Therefore will I, throughout my days,
Upon Him call, and give Him praise.

The pangs of death inclos'd me round,
The pains of hell, dismay'd, I found ;
I call'd on GOD to make me whole,—
LORD, I beseech Thee, save my soul !

Gracious and righteous is the LORD,
Yea, for His tender grace ador'd ;
By Him the simple are maintain'd,
Low was I brought, but yet sustain'd.

Turn then, my soul, unto thy rest,
Thee hath He bountifully blest ;
My soul He sav'd, my tears He dried,
And held me, lest my feet should slide.

Now midst the living, LORD, once more,
Deliver'd from death's shadowy shore,
Here in the land of life and light,
I'll walk, as always in Thy sight !

Faith strengthen'd me, when poor and weak ;
Lo, I believe, and therefore speak !
Though in my haste, when sorely tried,
"All men are liars !" I have cried.

What shall I render to the LORD
For all the blessings thus restor'd ?
I'll take the cup, confess'd by all,
Salvation's pledge, and on Him call.

Before His people will I pay
The vows I made in trouble's day ;
The death is precious in His sight
Of those who in His law delight.

LORD, I am Thine ! Thy servant bought,
Thy handmaid's son, from bondage brought ;
Thank-off'rings to Thy courts I'll bring,
Call on Thy Name,—Thy praises sing !

The vows I made in trouble's day,
Before Thy people I will pay ;
Amidst Jerusalem adore,
With Alleluias evermore !

PSALM CXVII.

PRAISE ye the LORD, all nations round !
All people, praises yield !
For great have we His mercies found,
And sure His truth reveal'd !
Praise ye the LORD, and on Him call,
Ye nations ! Praise the LORD of all !

PSALM CXVIII.

O PRAISE the LORD ! His grace is sure,
And mercy ever doth endure ;
Let Isra'l still with praises say,
In the LORD's mercy is our stay !

Now let the house of Aaron own,
That still His mercy hath been shewn ;
Let all who fear the LORD confess,
His mercies have been numberless.

The LORD in my distress I sought ;
He heard, and me from bondage brought ;
The LORD doth on my side appear,
What man can do I will not fear.

Lo, leagued with those who me befriend,
GOD will Himself my part defend ;
So shall I see my wishes crown'd
On all mine enemies around.

'Tis better in the LORD to trust,
Than lean on any child of dust ;
Better to make the LORD our stay,
Than kings, on whom the moth will prey.

All nations round about me came,
But I destroy'd them in His Name ;
They compass'd me on every side,
But in His Name I quell'd their pride.

Like bees they swarm'd,—but in His Name
I quench'd them, as a short-liv'd flame
From the dry thorns, which quickly dies,—
Nor will they more against me rise.

Sore for my downfall was thy thrust,
But GOD was my unfailing trust ;
GOD is my strength and song ! and He
Shall now my sure salvation be.

The voice of joy and health restor'd,
Sounds in each holy home, O LORD ;
Mighty the deeds, in wisdom wrought,
Which Thy right hand to pass has brought.

Yea, Thy right hand, our sure defence,
O'er all hath the pre-eminence ;
Mighty the deeds, in wisdom wrought,
Which Thy right hand to pass has brought !

I shall not die, but live, and tell
What GOD has wrought for Israel ;
To death He did not give me o'er,
When all His chastisements I bore.

The LORD's own gates unto me raise,
That I may enter and give praise ;
This is the gate of righteousness,
By which His people have access !

LORD, I will thank Thee, Who hast heard
My pray'r in trouble sore preferr'd ;
And when no other aid was near,
For my salvation didst appear.

The stone the builders did reject
Is now the corner-stone elect ;
This is Jehovah's work of might,
And it is wondrous in our sight !

This is the day the LORD hath made,
To-day glad off'rings shall be paid ;
Save us now, LORD, who Thee adore,—
To us prosperity restore.

Blessèd be He (let all proclaim)
Who cometh in Jehovah's Name !
You have we bless'd, who are indeed
Of the LORD's house, His holy seed.

GOD is the LORD, Whose word of might
Has spoken been, to give us light ;
The sacrifice, His wrath to stay,
Bind to the altar's horns and slay !

Thou art my GOD,—I bow the knee !
Thou art my GOD,—I worship Thee !
O praise the LORD, whose grace is sure !
And mercy ever doth endure !

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

BLEST who are blameless in the way,
Nor from the LORD's commandments stray ;
His testimonies they receive,
With their whole heart to Him they cleave.

Those, who no sin commit, are they
Who walk with gladness in His way ;
Thou, LORD, hast charged us to fulfil
With diligence Thy holy will.

O make my goings so direct
That I may ne'er Thy word neglect ;
Then shall I not be brought to shame
While I at prompt obedience aim.

With upright heart I Thee will praise,
When I have learn'd Thy righteous ways ;
Thy statutes all my care shall be,
Forsake me not, LORD, utterly !

BETH.

How shall a young man cleanse his way ?
By heed, Thy precepts to obey ;
Thee have I sought with all my heart,—
Ne'er let me from thy law depart.

Thy word I've hid my heart within,
Against Thee that I might not sin ;
Blessèd art Thou, O LORD, alone !
O make to me Thy statutes known !

Abroad have I been telling all
The judgments from Thy lips that fall ;
And I have lov'd Thy truth reveal'd,
More than the joy which riches yield !

My thoughts shall on Thy precepts dwell,
Thy ways I will remember well ;
On Thy commands my heart is set,
Nor will I e'er Thy word forget.

GIMEL.

Do well unto Thy servant, LORD,
That I may live and keep Thy word ;
Open mine eyes that I with awe
May see the wonders of Thy law !

I am a stranger in the land !
Hide not from me one just command ;
My soul is faint with its desire
To do whate'er Thy laws require.

Thou hast rebuk'd the proud, O LORD,
Cursèd are they who scorn Thy word ;
Scorn and reproach from me remove,
For I Thy testimonies love.

Princes their charge against me brought,
But on Thy law Thy servant thought ;
Thy holy truths are my delight,
My counsellors to guide me right.

DALETH.

LORD, my soul cleaveth to the dust,
O quicken me, Thy word who trust ;
I own'd my ways, and Thou didst hear,
Teach me Thy holy law to fear.

Make me to know Thy precepts well,
So of Thy wonders I shall tell ;
My soul doth melt away for grief,
Think on Thy word and give relief.

The way of lies from me remove,
But cause Thou me Thy law to love ;
The way of truth my choice hath been,
Before me still Thy law I've seen.

Yea, I have stuck unto Thy law,
From me Thy humbling hand withdraw ;
I'll run the way mark'd out by Thee,
When Thou shalt set my spirit free.

HE.

TEACH me the way ordain'd by Thee,
And to the end my path 'twill be ;
O give me understanding, LORD,
And my whole heart shall keep Thy word.

Conduct me by Thy counsels right,
For therein only I delight ;
Not to the love of gain incline
My heart, but unto truth divine.

Mine eyes from this world's idols turn,
But quicken me Thy truth to learn ;
Thy promises, O LORD, fulfil
To me, devoted to Thy will.

The shame avert which I have fear'd,
Of breaking, LORD, Thy laws rever'd,
Behold, Thy precepts I desire,
New life into my work inspire.

VAU.

SEND mercy, e'en salvation, LORD,
To me, according to Thy word ;
So shall I give an answer just
To taunting foes ! Thy word I trust.

The word of truth, which I declare,
To teach O bid me not forbear ;
My hopes I from Thy judgments draw,
And I will ever keep Thy law.

A walk of liberty is mine,
Because I love Thy law divine ;
Thy holy truth I will proclaim
E'en before kings, nor heed the shame.

Thy testimonies, which I love,
Are held by me all joys above ;
To Thy blest word I raise my hands,
And meditate on Thy commands.

ZAIN.

THY word unto me ne'er forget,
Whereon, through Thee, my hope I set ;
That word is comfort in my woe,
And quickens me when drooping low.

Though me the proud all day deride,
I turn not from Thy law aside ;
I think on Thy decrees of old,
And so my spirit is consol'd.

Horror doth hold upon me take
For those, Thy statutes who forsake ;
Those statutes still my songs engage,
In this my house of pilgrimage.

I have remember'd Thee at night,
And kept Thy counsels with delight ;
This comfort from Thy word was mine,
Because I kept Thy law divine.

CHETH.

THOU only art my portion, LORD,
I've promis'd still to keep Thy word ;
With my whole heart I've sought Thy face,—
Think on Thy word, and shew me grace.

My former ways I call'd to mind,
And to Thy paths my feet inclin'd ;
Yea, I made haste, without delay,
Thy sacred precepts to obey.

Though plunder'd by ungodly bands,
I've not forgotten Thy commands ;
At midnight I will rise to praise
Thy judgments, LORD, and righteous ways.

To those, Thy precepts who obey,
I am companion all the day ;
The earth, O LORD, Thy mercies fill,
Into my heart Thy word instil.

TETH.

THOU hast dealt well with me, O LORD,
According to Thy holy word ;
Thy teaching may I now receive,
For Thy commandments I believe.

Ere trouble came, I went astray,
But now Thy precepts I obey ;
Thou ever good and gracious art,
Teach me Thy statutes, teach my heart.

Falsehoods of me the proud invent,
But to Thy law my heart is bent ;
Like brawn their heart with pride doth swell,
But on Thy law I love to dwell.

'Tis good for me that trouble came,
To learn Thy law is now my aim ;
And Thy commands more dear I hold
Than stores of silver and of gold.

JOD.

THY hands have made and fashion'd me,
Wise with Thy wisdom let me be ;
Thy saints to see me will rejoice,
Because I've made Thy law my choice.

Thy judgments, LORD, are good and wise,
Thou dost in faithfulness chastise ;
O let Thy grace my comfort be,
According to Thy word to me.

Send me Thy mercies from above,
That I may live ;—Thy law I love ;
My unprovok'd oppressors quell,
While I on all Thy precepts dwell.

Turn back to me again Thy seed,
Those who Thy testimonies heed ;—
In these O may my heart be sound,
That shame may never me confound.

CAPH.

My soul doth for salvation long,
Built on Thy truth its hope is strong ;
Yea, mine eye faileth for Thy word,
How long shall comfort be deferr'd.

I heed Thy word and bear Thy yoke,
Though parch'd like wine-skins in the smoke;
When wilt Thou, LORD, my foes repay,
Nor to fulfil their doom delay?

The proud for me their pits have made,
And thus Thy precepts disobey'd;
Help me, pursued by wrongful might;
All Thy commandments, LORD, are right.

An end of me they almost made,
But from Thy ways I never stray'd;
With mercy quicken me, O LORD,
So will I hear and keep Thy word.

LAMED.

FOR ever, LORD, Thy counsels sure
Unchang'd in yonder heav'ns endure;
Age after age, Thy truth is tried,—
The earth, Thy work, doth still abide.

Yea heav'n and earth remain this day,—
All things thine ordinance obey;
My joy is in Thy precepts blest,
Or I had sunk, by grief oppress'd.

Thy counsels I will ne'er forsake,—
By them Thou didst my soul awake ;
LORD, I am Thine, Thy servant bought,
Save me, for I've Thy precepts sought.

To slay me the ungodly wait,
But on Thy law I meditate ;
No earthly good is endless found,—
Thy counsels only know no bound.

MEM.

O HOW I love Thy holy way,
My meditation all the day ;
Thy word, whereon I still repose,
Hath made me wiser than my foes.

More than my teachers I discern,
Because Thy law all day I learn ;
To me the old in wisdom yield,
Because I keep Thy truth reveal'd.

My feet from sin I have refrain'd,
To keep Thy law by love constrain'd ;
Nor have I from Thy judgments err'd,
For Thou hast taught me by Thy word.

More sweet Thy words, my constant guide,
Than honey to my throat supplied ;
They give me wisdom more and more,
And make me all false ways abhor.

NUN.

THY word's a lamp, my feet to guide,
A light unto my paths supplied ;
I've sworn, and stedfast is my heart
Ne'er from Thy judgments to depart.

O LORD, I am afflicted sore,
Think on Thy word, and me restore ;
My off'rings free of prayer and praise,
Accept, and teach me all Thy ways.

My soul is ever in my hand,
Yet heed I what Thou dost command :
A snare for me the wicked laid,
But from Thy law I never stray'd.

Thy word I deem my lot and part,
'Tis the rejoicing of my heart ;
My heart with purpose full I bend,
To keep Thy statutes to the end.

SAMECH.

THOUGHTS vain and carnal I abhor,
But love thy statutes more and more ;
Thou art my hiding-place and shield,
My hope springs from Thy truth reveal'd.

Ye wicked, far from me depart,
I'll keep GOD's word with all my heart ;
Think of Thy word and me sustain,
That I may live, nor hope in vain.

Uphold me, and I safe shall be,
And keep Thy statutes heedfully ;
Thou treadest on the base and vile,
Whose head and heart are fill'd with guile.

Like dross, Thou castest them away,
Therefore Thy word to heart I lay ;
I think on Thy commands with awe,
Yea, my flesh trembleth at Thy law.

AIN.

I'VE done what lawful is and right,
Leave me not 'neath the oppressor's might ;
For good, O LORD, my surety be,
Nor let the proud o'ermaster me.

Mine eyes for Thy salvation fail,
E'en that Thy counsels may prevail ;
With me by rules of mercy deal,
And all Thy truths to me reveal.

I am Thy servant, wisdom send,
That I Thy truth may apprehend ;
'Tis time, LORD, to lay to Thy hand,
For they make void each just command.

Therefore Thy laws more dear I hold,
Than gold, yea, more than finest gold ;
Right are Thy precepts, every one,
And all false ways I hate and shun.

PE.

SUCH wonders doth Thy law unfold,
That with firm grasp its truths I hold ;
Thy wisdom's entrance giveth light,
Teaching the simple what is right.

With open'd mouth my breath I drew,
Panting for Thy instruction true ;
View me with mercy from above,
As Thou dost all Thy Name who love.

Order my goings in Thy way,
Nor suffer sin my soul to sway ;
From man's oppression set me free,
Thy precepts then my rule shall be.

Upon me make Thy face to shine,
And teach me all Thy truths divine ;
Rivers of tears run down mine eyes
Because Thy statutes men despise.

TZADDI.

RIGHTEOUS art Thou, O LORD, and just
Thy judgments are,—in Thee I trust ;
Thy statutes all, by Thee decreed,
In truth and faithfulness exceed.

My zeal doth e'en consume my heart,
When from Thy law my foes depart ;
Thy word is pure, without alloy,
Therefore 'tis all Thy servant's joy.

Though me the mighty oft deride,
I turn not from Thy law aside ;
Eternal righteousness is thine,
And all Thy word is truth divine.

Trouble and anguish vex my mind,
Yet in Thy counsels joy I find ;
Thy righteous truth shall know no end,
That I may live, true wisdom send.

KOPH.

WITH my whole heart to Thee I cried,
Help me, Thy word shall be my guide :
To Thee my pray'r I still preferr'd,
Save me, and I shall keep Thy word.

I cried to Thee ere dawn of day,
Thy word hath ever been my stay ;
Mine eyes the morning watch prevent,
So to its study I am bent.

For Thy word's sake, for mercy's sake,
Hear me, and bid my soul awake ;
With malice, lo, my foes draw near,—
Far from Thy law, no power they fear.

But Thou, most highest, art at hand,
Right is whate'er Thou dost command ;
Thy holy law, I've known of old,
Thou wilt eternally uphold.

RESH.

LOOK on my grief, and send me aid,
For from Thy law I have not stray'd ;
Plead Thou my cause, and save me, LORD,
By quick'ning me make good Thy word.

Health from Thy foes is far away,
While all Thy law they disobey ;
Thy mercies, LORD, are great and free,
Think on Thy word and quicken me.

Against me troops of foes combine,
Yet from Thy law I ne'er decline ;
The wicked I beheld and wept,
Because Thy law they never kept.

Think how I love Thy law, and give
Thy wonted grace that I may live ;
Since days began, Thy word is sure,
And shall for evermore endure.

SCHIN.

PRINCES against me raise the hand,
But of Thy word in awe I stand ;
Gath'ring like one who spoils hath found,
The fruits with which it doth abound.

All lies (thou seest) I abhor,
But love Thy statutes more and more ;
Seven times a-day Thy Name I praise,
For Thy blest word, Thy righteous ways.

Great peace have they who love Thy law,
They neither stumble nor withdraw ;
LORD, I have done Thy holy will,
And hoped for Thy salvation still.

My soul hath kept Thy precepts, LORD,
And lov'd exceedingly Thy word ;
Yea, I have kept them with delight,
For all my ways are in Thy sight.

TAU.

LORD, let my cry before Thee rise,
With Thy good counsels make me wise ;
Before Thee let my pray'r come near,
For me, who trust Thy word, appear.

My lips, O LORD, shall speak Thy praise,
When from Thy law I've learn'd Thy ways ;
My tongue shall all Thy truth confess,
For all Thy words are righteousness.

O let Thy hand afford me aid,
Who have my choice Thy precepts made :
Salvation is my heart's desire,
I love what Thy commands require.

O let me live, and thee I'll praise,
Help'd by Thy word, through all my days ;
Like a lost sheep too oft I've err'd,
O seek me, for I love Thy word.

PSALM CXX.

IN trouble, LORD, I call'd on Thee,
And Thou didst succour send ;
From lying lips O set me free,
Me from false tongues defend.

What, thou false tongue, for shameless speech,
Shall be GOD's righteous doom ;
Thee shall sharp-piercing arrows reach,
Thee burning coals consume.

Constrain'd with Mesech to reside,
In Kedar's tents to dwell ;
Woe's me, that I so long abide
With those who peace repel.

Peace, day by day, O LORD, I seek,
For peace is all my care ;
But when of peace to them I speak,
For battle they prepare.

PSALM CXXI.

UNTO the hills I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Him my succour shall arise,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

He will not let thy foot be mov'd,
Still wakeful thee to keep ;
In Isra'l's need a safeguard prov'd,
Thy guardian will not sleep.

The LORD shall guard thee by His might,
So that, o'ershadow'd still,
The sun by day, and moon by night,
To thee shall work no ill.

From troubles, whatsoe'er they be,
The LORD shall shelter send ;
Yea (in its need) 'tis even He,
Who shall thy soul defend.

To save thee from distress and sin,
He shall Himself watch o'er
Thy going out and coming in,
Henceforth, for evermore.

PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was I, when I heard them say,
“Come, let us all be found
In the LORD’S house, this festal day,
For Salem we are bound !”

Like some fair city, nobly plann’d,
Which tribes united throng ;
On Zion’s hill doth Salem stand,
By unity made strong.

Thither the tribes of GOD repair,
The tribes whom He doth bless ;
Unto the LORD they witness bear,
With thanks His Name confess.

A throne of right, for judgment true,
There stablish’d we behold ;
To David’s house that throne is due,
By GOD’S decree of old.

O pray for Salem's peace, for they
Shall prosper who love Thee ;
Peace rule within Thy walls ! I pray,—
Wealth in Thy mansions be !

Yea, be thou prosper'd, for I share
Thy people's brotherhood ;
And, thankful for God's house of pray'r,
I'll seek to do thee good.

PSALM CXXIII.

To Thee, O God of Israel,
I lift mine eyes to Thee :
O Thou, that in the heav'ns dost dwell
In light and majesty.

Lo, as a servant's eyes are bent,
Unto his master's hand ;
Or as a maiden notes, attent,
Her mistress's command ;

So, LORD, mine eyes are turn'd to Thee,
On Thee all day they wait ;
Till Thou shalt pity shew to me,
Here at Thy mercy-gate.

Have mercy on us, LORD, brought low ;
We to the dust are bow'd ;
Their spite the carnal wealthy show,
Their scorn of us, the proud.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the LORD salvation wrought,
(Now may His people say ;)
Had not the LORD for Isra'l fought,
When us they thought to slay ;

Then, compass'd by a sea of foes,
We had gone down alive ;
Against them, when in wrath they rose,
'Twas vain for us to strive.

They rose against us like a sea,
Whose waves resistless roll ;
And soon, were we unhelp'd by Thee,
Had overwhelm'd our soul.

But the LORD left us not unheard,
A prey for them to tear ;
Our soul is rescued as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare.

The snare is burst, and we are freed,
All praise to GOD be given ;
The LORD will help us in our need,
Who made the earth and heaven.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO put their trust above,
Shall as Mount Zion last,—
Which nothing can remove,
For ever standing fast.

The hills round Salem stand,
So standeth GOD around
The people of His hand,
Their shield for ever found.

Ne'er shall the spoiler's rod,
Rest on His people's land,
Lest the elect of GOD,
To sin put forth their hand.

Do well, O LORD, to those
Thou see'st to be good ;
Whose heart, when strife arose,
With Thee uprightly stood.

Lo, they who backward draw,
Shall all their portion see,
With such as hate Thy law ;
But peace on Isra'l be.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN GOD His Zion did redeem,
Then were we like to them that dream ;
Then was our mouth with laughter fain,
Our tongue broke forth with songs again.

Then did it midst the heathen run,
“ Great things for them the LORD hath done ; ”
Great things for us the LORD hath wrought,
And we rejoice, from bondage brought.

Turn, LORD, our bondage, as they force
Streams in the south to change their course ;
Surely shalt Thou Thy promise keep,—
Who sow in tears, with joy shall reap.

Yea, they that on their way proceed
In tears, yet bearing precious seed, •
Doubtless the song of praise shall sing,
When the full sheaves with joy they bring.

PSALM CXXVII.

EXCEPT the LORD the house defend
In vain their toil the builders spend ;
Except the LORD our walls sustain,
The watchman waketh but in vain !

Early ye rise and late take rest,
And eat your bread with cares oppress'd ;
Vain fruits from all your toil ye reap,
For to His own He giveth sleep.

Lo, children, too, are from the LORD,
The fruitful womb is His reward ;
As arrows in the giant's hand,
The children round their parents stand.

Happy, whose quiver with them stor'd,
Is ever ready at his word ;
He from his foes shall not refrain,
But in the gate his cause maintain.

PSALM CXXVIII.

BLEST are all they who fear the LORD,
Walk in His ways, and love His word ;
For thou thy labour's fruit shalt eat,
O well is thee, thy cup is sweet.

Thy wife is as the fruitful vine,
Which doth around thy dwelling twine ;
Thy children, sent thee by the LORD,
Like olive-branches round thy board.

Lo ! thus with mercies, o'er the rest,
The man that feareth GOD is blest ;
The LORD shall out of Zion send
His blessings on thee without end.

That thou through all Thy days shalt see
Jerusalem's prosperity ;
Thy children's children bloom around,
And peace on Israel abound.

PSALM CXXIX.

OFT from my youth I've trouble borne,
 (May Israel now say,)
Oft from my youth had wrong and scorn,
 But have not been their prey.

The plowers on my back did plow,
 And made their furrows long ;
The righteous GOD asunder now
 Hath cut the scourger's thong.

Who Zion hate shall turn and fly,
And be with shame o'erthrown ;
Like grass upon the house-tops die,
Wither'd afore 'tis grown.

The wither'd bents the mower leaves,
Not worth his toil and care ;
Nor them doth he who bindeth sheaves
Upon his bosom bear.

They that go by shall ne'er exclaim,
" The LORD your labours bless ;
We wish you, in Jehovah's Name,
Fair fruits, and good success !"

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths I call to Thee,
LORD, my petition heed ;
O let Thine ears attentive be,
Before Thee when I plead.

Should'st Thou from heav'n severely scan
All that amiss is done,
What child, O LORD, of sinful man
Would not the trial shun ?

But, LORD, with Thee is plenteous grace,
Therefore I fear Thy Name ;
For Thee I wait, I seek Thy face,
Mercy is all I claim.

More for the LORD I wait, than they
Who long for morning's light ;
Yea, more than for the break of day,
The watchers of the night.

Let Isra'l trust the LORD above,
When troubles gather round ;
For with Him is Redeeming Love,
Grace doth with Him abound.

He shall redeem His chosen seed,
And bring us back again ;
While we from all the sins are freed,
Which now our souls enchain.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD, I have not an haughty heart,
From pride my looks are free ;
Nor in great matters take I part,
That are too high for me ;

But I have learnt on Thee to rest,
Meek is my soul and mild ;
Like a child weanèd from the breast,
E'en as a weanèd child.
Let Isra'l in the LORD confide,
Henceforth for ever to provide !

PSALM CXXXII.

DAVID, O LORD, remember Thou,
And all his anxious care ;
How to the LORD he vow'd a vow,
To Jacob's GOD he sware.
I will not climb into my bed,
Nor to my house will go ;
Nor rest the temples of my head,
Nor sleep mine eyes shall know ;
Till for the Ark I find a place,
And habitation meet ;
For the LORD's house and throne of grace,
Till I find out a seat.
At Ephratah, with zeal renew'd,
We search'd the holy ground :
And lo, in Kirjath-Jearim's wood,
The Ark of GOD we found.

Now will we to His courts repair,
Upon His Name to call ;
And on our knees before Him there,
Will at His footstool fall.

Arise, into Thy rest, both Thou,
LORD, and the ark, Thy sign ;
Thy priests with righteousness endow,
Thy saints with joy divine.

Now for Thy servant David's sake,
[LORD, hear us when we pray ;]
Thine own anointed joyful make,
Turn not his face away.

The LORD an oath to David made,
Nor will His word disown ;
Thy body's fruit ('twas thus He said,)
I'll set upon thy throne.

Yea, if My covenant they heed,
Nor what I teach forget ;
Upon thy throne their latest seed,
I will for ever set.

GOD for Himself hath Zion blest,
He loveth there to dwell ;
Herein for ever will I rest,
For I have lov'd it well.

Her poor I will supply with bread,
And make her stores abound ;
Salvation o'er her priests will spread,
Her saints shall sing around.

Forth from the horn of David there,
Eternal bloom shall spring ;
A lamp shall shine (doth God declare)
For Mine anointed King.

His foes with shame I'll cover o'er,
With vengeance overtake ;
But on Himself for evermore
His crown to flourish make.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BEHOLD, e'en here on earth how good,
How pleasant 'tis as well,
For those who brethren are by blood
At unity to dwell.

'Tis like the oil upon the head,
The oil which God hath bless'd ;
Which down on Aaron's beard was shed,
And ran o'er all his vest.

Like dew, that doth on Hermon's hill,
Or Zion's heights descend ;
Where GOD ordaineth blessings still,
And life that ne'er shall end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BEHOLD now, praise the LORD of all,
Ye servants of the heav'nly King ;
Ye that by night upon Him call,
And in His temple stand and sing :
Your hands before His presence raise,
And sing aloud Jehovah's praise.
The LORD, who heav'n and earth hath made,
From Zion bless and send thee aid !

PSALM CXXXV.

PRAISE ye the LORD, His Name with joy,
All ye His servants, sing ;
Whom He doth in His courts employ,
The Temple of our King.
The praises of the LORD proclaim,
His mercies still are new ;
Yea, praises sing unto His Name,
'Tis pleasant so to do.

The LORD hath Jacob made His own,
And on him set His love ;
And He, I know, is GOD alone,
Our LORD, all gods above.

For whatsoe'er Jehovah would,
That in the heav'n He did ;
That in the earth and seas made good,
And places from us hid.

The vapours He doth cause to spring
From every stream and plain ;
The wind doth from His treasures bring,
And lightnings for the rain.

The first-born both of man and beast
He smote through Egypt's coasts ;
His signs in Egypt He increas'd
On Pharaoh and his hosts.

Great nations He beneath us laid,
E'en mighty princes bled ;
Sihon, by Amorites obey'd,
And Og, who Bashan led.

And Canaan's rulers all He drave
Before His people's face ;
Their land an heritage He gave
Unto His chosen race.

Thy Name, O LORD, Thy glorious Name,
For ever standeth fast ;
And Thy memorial, still the same,
Through every age shall last.

GOD will avenge His chosen seed,
His ear to them is bent,
And of His anger, when they plead,
He ever will repent.

Men's works for gods the heathen seek,
Of silver and of gold :
Mouths have they, but they cannot speak,
Nor can their eyes behold.

Ears have they, but they hear no sound,
Nor breathe their lips at all ;
Who make them are as senseless found,
And all that on them call.

The LORD, O house of Jacob, bless ;
The LORD, ye, Aaron's seed ;
The LORD, O Levi's race, confess ;
Praise Him, His word who heed.

Praised for ever be the LORD,
At Salem is His throne ;
From Zion be His Name ador'd,
Praise ye the LORD alone !

PSALM CXXXVI.

O GIVE ye thanks unto the LORD,
Whose mercies over all extend ;
And be the GOD of gods ador'd,
Because His goodness hath no end.

The LORD of lords with praises own,
Who day by day doth blessings send ;
And mighty wonders doth alone,
Because His mercy hath no end.

The heav'ns He by His wisdom made,
All things upon His grace depend ;
The earth He on the waters laid,
Because His mercy hath no end.

He made great lights,—the sun by day,
[O'er all His goodness doth extend ;]
The moon and stars, by night to sway,
Because His mercy hath no end.

He in their first-born Egypt smote,—
Strength to His people He doth send ;
And from among them Isra'l brought,
Because His mercy hath no end.

With outstretch'd arm and strong right hand
His servants He doth still defend ;
The parted sea in heaps did stand,
Because His mercy hath no end.

Jacob He brought its waters through,
His mercies over all extend :
But Pharaoh and his hosts o'erthrew,
Because His goodness hath no end.

His people on their way He fed,
He doth to all His blessings send ;
Them through the wilderness He led,
Because His mercy hath no end.

Great Kings in their defence He slew,
His servants He doth still defend ;
Yea, famous kings He overthrew,
Because His mercy hath no end.

Sihon, whom Amorites obey'd,
Strength to His servants He doth send ;
And Og, who Bashan's people sway'd,
Because His mercy hath no end.

An heritage He gave their land,
Blessings He doth for ever send ;
Unto His servant Jacob's hand,
Because His mercy hath no end.

Upon our low estate He thought,
For grace He doth to all extend ;
And from our foes His servants bought,
Because His mercy hath no end.

He to all flesh doth food supply,
All things upon His grace depend ;
O give ye thanks to GOD on high,
Because His mercy hath no end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Babel's waters we sate down and wept,
When we remember'd Zion, far away ;
As for our harps, in praise no longer swept,
We hung them on the willows where we lay.

For they who captur'd us a song desir'd,
And they who wasted us, did mirth command ;
"Sing us a song of Zion," they requir'd ;
LORD, could we sing Thy songs in strangers'
land ?

If, O Jerusalem, I Thee forget,
Let my right hand forget her wonted skill ;
Cleave fast my tongue, if less by Thee I set,
And dearer joys arise than Zion's hill.

O in Jerusalem's afflicted day,
Edom's fierce sons remember Thou, O LORD;
Who "raze it, raze it," did insulting say,
E'en to the dust, no more to be restor'd.

Daughter of Babel, soon to be destroy'd,
Blest, who requiteth thee for these our groans;
Blest, whose unpitying hand shall make thee void,
And dash thy little ones against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole heart I Thee will praise,
Before the gods my voice will raise,
And in Thy temple fall!
Will praise Thy truth and mercies tried,
For Thou Thy Name hast magnified,
And set Thy word o'er all.

Thou heardest me the day I cried,
And strength was to my soul supplied.
Lo, when they hear Thy word,
Thee all the kings of earth shall praise,
And sing with triumph in Thy ways,
For glorious is the LORD.

For, though the LORD be high indeed,
The meek and lowly He doth heed ;
The proud far off doth see.
Thou shalt revive my downcast soul,
Thou shalt my furious foes controul,
Thy hand shall set me free.

The LORD, Who worketh not in vain,
Will perfect that which doth remain,
That which concerneth me !
Thy mercy, LORD, is still the same,
Me did Thy hands, Almighty, frame,
Thy work with favour see.

PSALM CXXXIX.

THOU, LORD, hast search'd me out, and known
All that no human eye can see ;
My rising up, and lying down,
My thoughts, far off, are known to Thee.

Thou compassed me all around,
About my path, about my bed ;
Each word that on my tongue is found,
Thou knewest, LORD, before 'twas said.

Thou art before me, and behind,
Thy hand is on me, as Thine eye ;
Such knowledge doth o'erpow'r my mind,
Beyond my reach, divinely high.

How from Thy Spirit shall I part,
Or whither from Thy presence flee ;
If up to heav'n, in heav'n Thou art ;
If down to hell, I leave not Thee.

If I the morning's wings should take,
And in the utmost sea remain ;
There shall Thy hand my flight o'ertake,
Thy hand on me its hold retain.

If I should say (Thy wrath to fly),
"Me from my GOD the night shall hide,"
The darkness, LORD, beneath Thine eye,
Shall turn to light on every side.

No darkness hideth us from Thee,
'Tis as the light without a shade,
Alike are day and night to Thee,
Who hast both light and darkness made.

My reins are Thine, in order laid,
Me in the womb Thou coveredst o'er ;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
I own Thy marvels and adore.

Thou sawest me, before my birth,
In secret made within the womb ;
As seeds prepar'd beneath the earth,
Or work embroider'd on the loom.

Thou didst the substance rude survey,
And in Thy book my members write ;
Which all were fashion'd day by day,
Ere yet Thou broughtest them to light.

Thy thoughts, before me, LORD, unroll'd,
How great their sum, to me how dear ;
As little can the sand be told ;
When I awake, Thou still art near.

LORD, wilt not Thou the wicked slay,
Depart, all ye who blood would shed ;
They speak against Thee, day by day,
Lightly with scoffs Thy Name is said.

Hate not I those that hate Thee, LORD,
And grieve o'er such as Thee oppose ?
Yea, them I ever have abhorr'd,
Even as though they were my foes.

Search me, O GOD, and try my heart,
Prove me, my springs of thought survey,
Shew me what sins in me have part,
And lead me in the living way.

PSALM CXL.

LORD, from the evil man defend,
And keep me from the wicked far ;
Who mischief in their hearts intend,
And meet together, leagu'd for war.

Their tongues they like a serpent whet,
Their lips but adders' poison hide ;
Keep me, O LORD, nor let them get
Their way of violence and pride.

They would o'erthrow me on my way,
The proud for me have laid a snare ;
By the wayside a net they lay,
And gins with cords for me prepare.

Thou art my GOD, O LORD, I said,
Thine ear to my petitions bow ;
In battle Thou hast kept my head,—
The GOD of my Salvation Thou!

Let not the sinner's hope be crown'd,
But, lest he boast, his plans defeat ;
All those who compass me around,
The mischief of their lips shall meet.

Yea, by hot burning coals struck down,
 (Vengeance which now they dare despise,)
Or into fiery torrents thrown,
 They ne'er, O LORD, again shall rise.

The man with an ungovern'd tongue
 Shall never thrive e'en here below ;
And vengeance, though its chace be long,
 Is sure the guilty to o'erthrow.

GOD will assert the poor man's claim,
 And vindicate the mourner's right ;
The saints shall ever bless Thy Name,
 And live for ever in Thy sight.

PSALM CXLI.

LORD, unto Thee I ever cry ;
 LORD, unto me make speed ;
Give ear, and to my pray'r reply,
 Before Thee when I plead.

My pray'r as incense, LORD, receive,
 And look on it instead ;
And as the sacrifice at eve,
 My hands before Thee spread.

Set Thou, by Thy restraining grace,
A watch my mouth before ;
A guard my lips controlling place,
From sin to keep the door.

Nor let my heart incline to ill,
Nor let me use deceit
With them who work their wicked will,
Nor of their dainties eat.

When me in love the righteous smite,—
Kindly, I know, they deal ;
My soul doth their reproofs invite,
As oil, my wounds to heal.

As balm which shall not bow my head,
As if to shame a prey ;
But make me (prone to be misled)
Against temptation pray.

Their chiefs amidst the rocks astray,
I gently did entreat ;
My words their anger did allay,
My words to them were sweet.

Our bones lie scatter'd o'er the ground,
Around the pit they lie,
As when one heweth wood, around
The cloven pieces fly.

O GOD the LORD, to Thee mine eyes
For ever look alone ;
My soul on Thee for help relies,
Nor wilt Thou me disown.

Keep me from snares the wicked set,
Nor suffer me to fall ;
Caught shall they be in their own net,
While I escape them all.

PSALM CXLII.

ALoud I cried unto the LORD,
To Him my supplication pour'd ;
Yea, with my voice my pray'r I made,
And all my grief before Him laid.

When trouble weigh'd my spirit down,
To Thee was all my pathway known ;
LORD, Thou hast seen the secret snare,
Which for my going they prepare.

O do Thou look on my right hand,
And see how none for me will stand ;
No friendly refuge can I share,
And no man for my soul doth care.

But unto Thee, O LORD, I cry,—
Thou art my refuge sure and nigh ;
My portion Thou, till life is o'er,
And in the life for evermore.

Thine ear to my petition bow,
For enemies have brought me low ;
From persecutors set me free,
Lo, they are all too strong for me.

My soul from out of prison bring,
That I may praise Thy Name and sing ;
When grace shall in my soul abound,
Me will the righteous compass round.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR, LORD, my prayer, Thy suppliant bless,
O listen while I plead ;
Answer me in Thy faithfulness,
And in Thy truth give heed.

And into judgment, LORD, with me
Enter Thou not, I pray ;
For no man justified shall be,
Whom Thy pure eyes survey.

The foe my soul hath sore opprest,
Till in the dust I'm laid ;
And like the dead that silent rest,
To dwell in darkness made.

Therefore my spirit, smitten down,
Is brought to low estate ;
My heart, to joy a stranger grown,
Is vex'd and desolate.

I call to mind the former days,—
Past joys engage my thought ;
I muse on all Thy wondrous ways,
The works which Thou hast wrought.

To Thee I raise my eager hands,
My hands stretch forth to Thee ;
My soul doth gasp, as thirsty lands,
Thy face again to see.

O hear me soon, nor hide from me
Thy face ; my soul is spent :
Let me not like the sinners be
Down into darkness sent.

Send me at morn Thy mercies sweet,
On Thee my soul relies ;
Into Thy ways O guide my feet,
To Thee my soul doth rise.

From my oppressors, by Thy grace,
Save me, to Thee I flee
As to some safest refuge-place,
Where I may hidden be.

Thee let me please in thought and deed,
My GOD whom I adore ;
Me let Thy loving spirit lead,
To Truth's eternal shore.

The foes, too, in Thy goodness slay
Against me who combine ;
Yea all who deem my soul their prey,
For I am only Thine.

PSALM CXLIV.

BLESS'D be the LORD, Who hath sustain'd
And kept me by His might ;
Who to the war my hands hath train'd,
My fingers taught to fight.

My fortress, and my refuge known ;
My castle, and my shield ;
In Whom I trust, through Whom alone,
To me my people yield.

LORD, what is man, that of his cry
Thou still dost knowledge take ;
The son of man, that Thou on high
Of him account dost make.

Vain man is like a thing of nought,
How quickly doth he fade ;
His days unto an end are brought,
E'en as a passing shade.

Bow down Thy heav'ns, O LORD, descend ;
Rocks smoke, when touch'd by Thee ;
To daunt our foes, Thy lightnings send,
Thy bolts to make them flee.

Send from above Thine hand on me,
Save me from floods that swell ;
And from strange children set me free,
For I amidst them dwell.

Strange children that my downfall seek,
And all my words withstand ;
Whose mouth of vanity doth speak,
And false is their right hand.

I a new song will sing to Thee,
My GOD, my voice will raise ;
On ten-string'd lute and psaltery,
Will I declare Thy praise.

Salvation unto kings to give
Belongeth to the LORD ;
Through Him alone doth David live,
And still escape the sword.

From children strange, my fall who seek,
Protected let me stand ;
Whose mouth of vanity doth speak,
And false is their right hand.

That so, as plants divinely grown,
Our sons may bless our race ;
Each daughter like a corner-stone,
That doth some palace grace.

That so our garners may abound
With stores for all to share ;
Our sheep may in the pastures round
Thousands and thousands bear.

Our oxen, too, be strong to toil,
No strangers on us gain ;
No poor be banish'd from the soil,
Nor in our streets complain.

Happy the race, with thanks we own,
On whom such gifts are pour'd ;
Yea, happy they, whose GOD is known,
As Isra'l's GOD, the LORD.

PSALM CXLV.

THEE will I magnify, O GOD my King,
And praise Thy holy Name for evermore ;
Yea, every day with thanks to Thee will sing,
And Thee through all eternity adore.

Great is the LORD, and worthy of all praise,
His greatness doth no end nor limit know ;
Age unto age the anthem shall upraise,
And to the world His pow'r divine shall shew.

I, too, will ever on His wonders dwell,
His majesty, His praise, and glorious Name ;
So men shall of His awful judgments tell,
And I, too, all His greatness will proclaim.

The memory, LORD, of Thine abundant grace,
They shall with loving thankfulness record ;
With songs of melody in every place
They shall make known Thy righteousness
abroad.

The LORD in grace and goodness doth abound,
Full of compassion, and to anger slow ;
Still is He patient, and long-suff'ring found,
And over all His works His mercies flow.

Thy glorious works above, around, below,
Praise Thee, O LORD; Thee all Thy saints
shall bless;

The glories of Thy kingdom they shall shew,
And in their speech Thine endless pow'r confess.

Thy kingdom's strength, Thy glorious power
Divine,

Thus to the sons of men shall be made known;
An everlasting kingdom, LORD, is Thine,
Established for all ages is Thy throne.

The LORD with grace upholdeth such as fall,
And those bow'd down He lifteth up anew;
To Thee, O LORD, are turn'd the eyes of all,
Thou givest them their meat in season due.

Thy hand Thou ever openest to supply
The pressing wants of every living thing;
Righteous in all Thy ways art Thou, Most High,
And all Thy glorious works from mercy spring.

The LORD to all who call on Him is near,
To all who faithfully regard His will;
Will help all those His holy Name who fear,
Will hear their cry, and their desire fulfil.

He will preserve all those who love His word,
But such as hate Him He will soon destroy ;
My mouth shall speak the praises of the LORD,
All flesh shall bless His Name with sacred joy.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE, O my soul, Jehovah praise ;
Yea, I will praise Him all my days ;
Will bless my GOD and on Him call,
As long as I have life at all.

In princes put ye not your trust,
Nor in vain man, the child of dust ;
He soon returneth to his clay,
His thoughts all perish in that day.

Bless'd, who the LORD his help hath made,
Whose hope on Jacob's GOD is stay'd,
Who made the heav'n, and earth, and sea,
And to His word will faithful be.

He doth the poor man's cause defend,
And food doth to the hungry send ;
He doth the prisoners unbind,
The eyes He op'neth of the blind.

The LORD uplifteth such as fall,
Careth for those who on Him call ;
Helpeth the stranger, and doth bless
The widow and the fatherless.

He the broad way that sinners take,
The way of death to them doth make ;
The LORD from age to age is King,
In Zion Hallelujah sing !

PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the LORD, 'tis good to sing
Praises to GOD on high ;
Yea, 'tis a right and pleasant thing
The LORD to magnify.

Jerusalem, though prostrate laid,
He buildeth as before ;
And Isra'l's outcasts, [exiles made,]
Doth gather and restore.

The broken heart He maketh whole,
And sound the wasted frame ;
The stars He telleth as they roll,
And calleth them by name.

Great is the LORD, and great His might,
His wisdom hath no bound ;
The meek He raiseth, but doth smite
The wicked to the ground.

To GOD with glad thanksgiving sing,
With harps His praise declare ;
Who o'er the heav'ns the clouds doth bring,
And rain for earth prepare.

His grass doth clothe the mountains high,
To beasts He giveth food,
And heareth, when to Him they cry,
The raven's craving brood.

He loveth not the mighty steed,
Nor strength of limb doth prize ;
But those who His commandments heed,
Whose hope on Him relies.

Raise to the LORD thy thankful song,
Salem ! His chosen rest ;
Through Him thy portals' bars are strong,
Thy sons within thee bless'd.

He giveth peace throughout the land,
And finest wheat for bread ;
O'er th' earth He sendeth His command,
Swiftly His word is spread.

With snow like wool He wraps the earth,
A spotless vest and pure ;
Hoar-frosts He casts like ashes forth,
Who can His cold endure.

His word He sendeth from on high,
Causing His wind to blow ;
Then melt the streams that frozen lie,
Again their waters flow.

He hath His word to Jacob shewn,
And taught His chosen race ;—
No nation so His truth hath known,
So boundless found His grace.

PSALM CXLVIII.

.HALLELUJAH ! through the sky
Praise unto the LORD resound !
Praise Him Angels, from on high,
Praise Him all His hosts around !

Sun and moon, His glory tell,
Praise Him all ye stars of light ;
Heav'ns of heav'ns, the anthem swell ;
And ye waters, o'er their height.

Let them praise their Maker's Name,
He commanded, "Let them be ;"
He hath kept them still the same,
And His law no end shall see.

Praise Him from the earth below,
All ye whales, ye depths of sea ;
Fire and hail, and mist and snow,
Storm fulfilling His decree.

Mountains, and all hills, reply,
Fruitful trees and cedars, sing ;
Beasts and cattle, fowls that fly,
Yea, and every creeping thing.

Kings of earth, and peoples all,
Princes, who in judgment sway ;
Youths and maidens on Him call,
Children young and fathers grey.

Let them praise Jehovah's Name,
Worthy to be prais'd alone ;
Unapproach'd above their frame,
Heaven and earth His glory own.

He His people's horn doth raise,
Ever unto Isra'l near ;
All his saints shall give Him praise ;
Praise the LORD, all ye who hear.

PSALM CXLIX.

UNTO the LORD new anthems sing,
Amidst His saints be worship paid Him ;
Let Zion's children praise their King,
And Israel the LORD Who made him.

With timbrel, harp, and dance, aright,
Pay to the LORD due adoration ;
For God doth in His saints delight,
The meek He crowneth with salvation.

The saints with glory shall rejoice,
As each upon his bed reclineth ;
In praise shall they lift up their voice,
While in each hand a weapon shineth.

To execute the woes decreed,
The heathen all due vengeance finding,—
The mightiest kings enchain'd to lead,
Their chiefs with iron fetters binding.

To execute the woes foretold,
Such honour to His saints is given ;
The vengeance written from of old,—
O praise ye all the LORD of Heaven.

PSALM CL.

HALLELUJAH ! Praise the LORD !

Praise Him for His holiness !

Fram'd by His creative word,

Let the heav'ns their Maker bless !

Shew forth all His works around,—

How His greatness doth excel ;

Praise Him with the trumpet's sound,

Let the harp the chorus swell !

Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

In the dance shew forth His praise !

Praise Him on the tuneful chord,

And their peal let organs raise !

Timbrels strike, and cymbals take,—

Strike them loud with holy joy !

Everything with breath, awake !

In His praise that breath employ !

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